PERIODICAL ROOM
GENERAL LIBRARY
UNIV. OF MICH.

AUG 2 1946

THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION

The Week-end Review

Vol. XXXII. No. 803. [Incorporating THE ATHENÆUM] SATURDAY, JULY 13, 1946 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper] SIXPENCE

CONTENTS

COMMENTS . . . . . . Page 17
IF THE LOAN GOES THROUGH 19
THE SHADOW OF FAMINE. By H. N. Brailsford. 20
A LONDON DIARY. By Critic. . . . 21
R.S.V.P. By Sagittarius 21
THIS ENGLAND 21
AMERICANS, JEWS AND ARABS. By R. H. S. Crossman, M.P. 22
LABOUR AND WEST AFRICA 22
THE FUTURE OF THE FISHERIES. By C. M. Yonge 23
ART AMONG THE RUINS—II. By Walter Goehr 24
RADIO NOTES. By Edward Sackville West. . 24
BALLET. By Beryl de Zoete 25
THE I.S.C.M. By Desmond Shawe-Taylor . 25
THE MOVIES. By William Whitebait . . 25
SUNSET IN DELHI. By L. G. Anderson . 26
CORRESPONDENCE 26
From Max Salvadori; L. J. Cadbury; Hugh P. Vowles; Harold Binns; Miles Clifford; G. le F. Young; R. E. Harris; and others.
BOOKS IN GENERAL. By Rebecca West . . 29
REVIEWS: Page
Wilde Reconsidered. By Raymond Mortimer 30
The Case Against Keynes. By M. J. Bonn . 30
Malinowski's Last Work. By John Butler . 31
Soviet War Poetry. By George Reavey . 32
The Garden. By Stephen Potter. . . 32
How to be Happy at Westminster. By Maurice Edelman, M.P. 33
Shorter Notice 33
WEEK-END COMPETITIONS 34

BREAD AND PROPAGANDA

DURING the war certain radio stations in this country, which were disowned altogether by the Government, were used to conduct a brilliant campaign of "black" propaganda against the German people. Purporting to be even more patriotic and public-spirited than the official German wireless and press, they first stole the German listening public by the sheer entertainment value of their broadcasts and then systematically debauched and demoralised it by skilfully doctoring the news, by denying outrageous rumours in order to spread them further, by inventing agency messages or improving on them when they did not fit their argument, and, finally, by giving a subversive slant to their non-political entertainment items. The principles on which this "black" propaganda worked were quite simple. Society is held together by the decency, loyalty and good faith of the common man. A community can be broken up by skilfully disguised appeals to the darker side of human nature, to selfishness, to envy, to racial prejudice. Almost any fabrication can be got across as a fact by the simple device of not publishing the denial. For everyone believes that he only wants to hear the truth, but nearly everyone will accept as truth any unchallenged fiction which conforms to his mood.

Judging by the tone and news selections of some British newspapers to-day, it looks as if these "black" methods, which so successfully demoralised the Germans, are now being used in their turn against the British people. These newspapers, to judge by results, are now being, one would say, edited according to a propaganda directive very similar to that of the "black" propaganda stations which laid down what items of news should be published and what suppressed, not primarily because of their news value, but because of their suitability for the propaganda campaign. No one who realises its deadly value in the closing period of the war against Germany will make light of the effect of the use, continuously and over many months, of such propaganda technique. Its main success lies in the fact that, unlike old-fashioned propaganda campaigns, it retains an appearance of objectivity. Doctored news is far more deadly than editorial announcements, because many who regard the editorial columns as propaganda tend to believe that the news columns of any newspaper are relatively truthful.

It is the essence of the technique of mass suggestion that it permeates all the news and headlines of the paper which adopts it. Bread rationing, which should be treated as an unhappy necessity calling for the patriotic support of the whole public in a time of emergency, is used merely as one weapon in a carefully planned campaign. To do them justice, responsible Conservative leaders and the more honest Conservative papers like *The Times, Daily Telegraph* and *Yorkshire Post*, have all agreed that, whatever mistakes have been made by this or other Governments which are the subject of legitimate criticism, the case for bread rationing must now be accepted as proven. In his masterly speech last week, Mr. Strachey convinced most Members of Parliament that the need for bread rationing was the result of factors almost entirely outside our control. No responsible critics would suggest that any Government would have taken so unpopular a step if it could possibly help it. But Mr. Strachey's speech in the House of Commons had comparatively little effect on the general public, which for ten days preceding it had been stirred to every sort of suspicion of dirty work by a calculated press campaign. The Government made a mistake in allowing these ten days to elapse between the bare announcement of bread rationing and the disclosure of the figures which proved its necessity.

There is yet no evidence that this campaign has had any results except to create bitterness and induce apathy and a spirit of disillusion. Though the Government and the Labour movement as a whole must not underrate the dangers of this campaign, they have no reason to be scared of it. That the most virulent press campaign can be defeated if it is met resolutely by willing workers all over the country was amply proved in the election of July 1945. The Socialist Government of New Zealand has survived for ten years with scarcely a newspaper on its side. Mr. Roosevelt in four Presidential elections defeated an almost unanimously hostile press. But to defeat this new campaign of "black" propaganda the Labour movement and its friends must provide a constant stream of reliable information which can be used in the factories and queues to expose distortions and explain the nature of the trick that is being played upon the public. The help of public-spirited persons who will include, we hope, many who are not members of the Labour Party, should be enlisted for this form of national defence. Inevitably, however, the supply of information and the organisation must primarily come from the Labour Party headquarters. To provide this service should be the first priority at Transport House.

Where the Shoe Pinches

Though the hectic agitation of the "Housewives' League" seems to savour strongly of a Tory-engineered political stunt, there is, of course, much spontaneous feeling against bread-rationing. People are resentful at the necessity of more coupon nuisance, and in some families there may be real hardship. It should be clear, after Mr. Strachey's speech, that the easy course of refusing to ration bread involved a gamble with the people's food. Mr. Strachey revealed that no reserve of wheat is stocked in this country, and that bread rationing is the only way of avoiding local breakdowns in distribution when the amount of grain in the pipe-lines falls below a certain level. This may not occur, provided that all goes well with the British and Canadian weather and harvests and with American supplies, which are liable to interruption from strikes or other causes. Further, if supplies are short, bread rationing to the consumer seems to be the only way of ensuring that no one is without bread and that people do not feed bread to their poultry. Mr. Strachey clearly desires, if possible, to meet cases of hardship. For instance, in households where the head of the family is a miner, say, or farm-worker accustomed to rely on a packed lunch of bread and cheese or sandwiches, and there are a number of 5-11 children, the cut in normal bread consumption will be heavy. Then the fact that many bakers do not sell buns and scones, while flour is normally got from grocers, means that, for a large number of housewives, BU's cannot be simply lodged with the retailer in bulk, but will have to be clipped by at least three separate tradesmen. And though there is much to be said for a flexible interchange between BU's and "points," obvious dangers lurk in the consequent vast pool of "floating" (and saleable) units, apart from the tiresome job of monthly swopping at the Food Office. If Mr. Strachey, when he has had his discussions with the bakers, can find some method of simplifying his scheme, he will earn tired housewives' gratitude.

Loose Ends at Paris

The "suggested" rules of Peace Conference procedure—Big Four agreement on which Mr. Molotov successfully demanded before he would assent to the dispatch of invitations to the seventeen Allied States—represent a substantial concession to the Russian view that there can be no real re-opening of the questions which the Big Four have settled. Eight votes out of twenty-one are to be sufficient to block any amendment; and each separate treaty is to be considered by a Commission of the Conference whose members are to be restricted to the States which actually declared war on the enemy country in question. The Conference, of course, is free in theory to modify the rules of procedure thus proposed; but if the Big Four stick to what they have agreed, radical modification seems unlikely. This does not mean that the Conference will simply have a "rubber-stamping" job; the Paris meeting has left over a number of loose ends. A formula governing "freedom of trade" in the Danube Valley has yet to be reached—to say nothing of the question of Austria and Germany. Before they adjourn, the four Foreign Ministers, we trust, will at any rate have clarified the issue of Russian reparation claims to German property in Austria. The latest news from Vienna suggests that the Russians are demanding sequestration only of property on Austrian soil which belonged to Germans before the *Anschluss* and property either brought by Germans to Austria after the *Anschluss* or acquired there on normal commercial terms. There appears also to be no question of the physical removal from Austria of sequestrated property. If this be so, there is less reason than there at first appeared to be to fear that Russian claims were likely to leave Austria without a viable economy; but the exact nature of the Russian demands certainly requires clarification. To judge from Mr. Molotov's bitter denunciation on Tuesday of British and American failure to denazify their zones of Germany, the Russian attitude both to Germany and Austria seems likely to depend on the extent to which they judge "democratisation" (in their specialised sense) to have been carried out.

Holland's New Government

Present indications are that by agreeing to take part in a coalition with the Catholic State Party under Dr. J. M. Beel as Premier, the Dutch Labour Party has facilitated the formation of a Government whose domestic policy will be cautiously conservative, but whose attitude to the problem of the Netherlands East Indies may be liberal. On the home front, the Catholics have secured the key portfolios of the Interior, Justice, Education and Economic Affairs. Mr. Vos, one of the Labour leaders and Minister of Economic Affairs in the Schermerhorn Cabinet, is now relegated to the relatively unimportant Ministry of Transport. It has been announced that the Central Bank of the Netherlands is to be nationalised; but this seems likely to be the full extent of Holland's progress towards Socialism under a predominantly Catholic administration. How far the Communists, with ten seats in the new Chamber, will succeed in mobilising opinion against such a definitely "middle-of-the-road" Government depends on the extent to which Dr. Beel can restore the Dutch working-class standard of living. Here his difficulty is likely to be that the prosperity of Holland is bound up so intimately with that of Western Germany. In joining a coalition from which the Communists are excluded, and thus risking a crossfire of criticism from the extreme Left as well as from the Right, the Labour Party appears to have worked for a conciliatory policy in Indonesia. The Minister of Overseas Territories is to be Dr. J. R. Jonkmann, a member of the Labour Party, and, still more important, the late Prime Minister, Professor Schermerhorn, has been given the specially created post of Commissioner General for the Dutch East Indies.

The French Constitution

In France, where the Social Democrats made the inclusion of the Communist Party a condition of their agreement to join in a coalition with the Catholic M.R.P., the trend of the discussions in the constitutional committee of the Assembly suggests that the French Communists are gravitating into opposition. No specific proposals for amending the draft constitution, which the referendum rejected in May, have been put forward by the Communist Party, which is leaving to the Socialists the task of "democratising" the far-reaching proposals put forward by M.R.P. The Catholics propose that there shall be two Assemblies, but that the Upper Chamber shall not have the power to overthrow the Government or to veto a Bill which it has rejected, but which has been sent back to it with the reaffirmed approval of an absolute majority of the Lower Chamber. The committee has accepted these proposals, but there is greater difference of opinion on the powers to be accorded to the President. The Socialists accepted the M.R.P. proposal that the Prime Minister should be nominated by the President, but insisted, with success, that he must face election by the Lower Chamber. Socialists and M.R.P. combined against the Communists to vote for a clause providing that both Chambers should take part in the election of the President, and for a further clause giving the President power (in circumstances not yet clearly defined) to dissolve the Assembly. It is clearly the intention of M.R.P. to secure a constitution in which the Presidential powers resemble in many respects those of the occupant of the White House; and there can be little doubt that such a constitution would have the warm approval of General de Gaulle.

Formulas of Independence

On July 4th, the United States flag was lowered over Manila. The Philippine flag was hoisted in its place. But behind this facade of sovereignty for the Filipinos is the reality of the Philippine Trade Act which establishes exclusive preferential treatment for the United States. Meanwhile the American Navy is assured of bases and the stage is set for the new type of imperialism-cum-independence. This issue between colonial liberation and imperialism is the theme of the Paris talks between President Ho Chi-Minh and the French Government. French policy is to divide the territory of Indo-China into three republics, and to join them into an Indo-Chinese Federation. But the Viet-Nam delegation maintain that Cochin-China should become part of their already proclaimed Republic, and demand a far greater measure of autonomy with their own Foreign Minister and the right of representation abroad. As France has in Cochin-China large investments, and practically all her rubber plantations, there are big economic as well as political issues at stake. Like the Indonesians, the Viet-Nam, however, are fighting against old imperialisms in retreat. Their colleagues in the Philippines have won the forms of political freedom from an advancing Imperial Power which maintains the realities of economic and military control.

Anglo-Soviet Trade

Anglo-Russian trade negotiations, suspended last autumn, are now being resumed. They were broken off because the Russians considered our selling prices were too high; and there was also trouble about transport, the Russians being unable to supply ships to send us the timber which is our main requirement, so that no more could be imported than could be brought back by the vessels carrying our much less bulky exports to the Soviet Union. The Russians, having failed to get a loan in America, may now be readier to buy at our prices. Their new Five-Year Plan cannot be executed without very large imports of machinery equipment, both for the making good of war losses and for the development of the engineering industries, which take pride of place in the Plan. On our side, the lack of shipping is still the main difficulty. It is highly desirable that we should develop a large export of capital goods to the Soviet Union, both for economic reasons and in the interests of Anglo-Russian friendship; but we are not in a position to do without a direct return. If this cannot be made, for want of transport, in timber or other materials, we can do with gold, which will enable us to make purchases for cash elsewhere. But it would be preferable to have the timber; and it is pertinent to ask how long the shipping shortage is to continue to hamper world trade, in face of the existence of a vast American tonnage of war-built vessels, which could surely be distributed in such a way as to make the maximum immediate contribution to the expansion of international commerce.

Co-operators' Day

Last Saturday was International Co-operators Day, a world-wide function of which most people, outside the ranks of active Co-operators, are very little aware. It is, indeed, surprising how little impact the Co-operative Movement in this country makes on the mind of the public. In the peasant countries it is usually much more in the limelight. In Britain, the Co-operative Movement appears to be "news" only when the Beaverbrook Press is engaging in a stunt attack on it. There was hardly a press mention of the widely attended meeting of the International Co-operative Alliance which was taking place in this country last week: yet the I.C.A. has by far the largest membership of all the "Internationals" and represents the most diverse range of countries, from the Soviet Union to the United States and from the most advanced to some of the most backward. This neglect is largely the Co-operators' own fault—or at least, it is the outcome of past faults, even if something is being done towards correcting the deficiency now. The publicity of the Movement, with the single exception of *Reynolds*, has been unattractive and obsolete. Now, indeed, the Co-operators are beginning to buy up, not only central sites for department stores, but also theatres, hotels, restaurants, and other "amenity" buildings; and they are also planning to launch a daily newspaper of their own. These developments are largely held up for the moment by difficulties of supply; but soon the Co-operators will be in a position to make a splash, and it is to be hoped they will use the chance to bring a good many of their traditional methods up to date.

GIVE YOUR FRIENDS ABROAD "N.S.& N." Subscriptions. Supplies for **OVERSEAS** are now unrestricted. **A POSTAL SUBSCRIPTION** to any address in the world costs: Yearly, 32*s.* 6*d.* Six months, 16*s.* 3*d.* Three months, 8*s.* 6*d.* **BY AIR** to any country in Europe £2 7*s.* 6*d.* yearly and to other countries by special quotation.

NEW STATESMAN AND NATION
10, Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1. *Hol.* 3216.

POSTAGE on this issue is : Inland, 1½*d.* ; *Foreign,* 1*d.* ; *Canada,* 1*d.*

PARLIAMENT : Bread and Colonies

The debates on bread rationing and on the Colonies marked the high and low points of a placid week, in which even the mutiny of the civil aviation group failed to cause the desired ripple, and Tom Driberg discovered that Buchman-baiting went out with Himmler. John Strachey's achievement both in his opening and in his winding-up speech, grows in retrospect. We have a number of Ministers who are intellectual masters of their subject and can really give orders to their Civil Servants. But most of them are ex-members of the Coalition rather than Socialists. We have a few Ministers whose Socialism is still undiluted by office, but who lack the ability which is required to get on top of a Department. John Strachey showed last week that he, like Hugh Dalton and Aneurin Bevan, possesses both these qualities: he is a capable Minister and a good Socialist. Instead of attacking the views of his own supporters and accepting the cheers of the Opposition, he went out to smash the Tories and received a Socialist ovation. Mr. Hudson, quite unable to answer the deadly logic of the Minister, blustered his way into an obviously untrue suggestion that, apart from Germany and Austria, we might soon be the worst-fed white people in the world—a remark that he later withdrew with very bad grace. Mr. Eden, winding up for the Opposition, did far better. He concentrated on the strongest available argument—the Government's refusal to give adequate information in time. But by the end of the evening it was clear that John Strachey had mastered the House.

How different the atmosphere on Tuesday, the first day devoted to Colonial affairs since Labour came into power. Friends of the Government sought to excuse the empty benches by the King's Garden Party. But the fact is that Members guessed that nothing important would be said by the Colonial Secretary; the event proved them right. As a result, at three points in the debate, there were less than five Tories in the House—strange to remember that the Conservative Party used to claim a monopoly of interest in the Empire—and when Creech Jones wound up there were not more than twenty-five of his supporters in their places. George Hall read his brief clearly and was warmly congratulated by Oliver Stanley and every succeeding Conservative speaker on his soundness and sanity in continuing Tory Colonial policy. The first Labour reaction came from Dr. Morgan, who used the privilege of an old Member to express his dismay that there was no glimmer of a difference between Mr. Hall's policy and that of Mr. Stanley, his predecessor. Dr. Morgan reminded the House that he had once accused Mr. Stanley of being the worst Colonial Secretary, and went on: "I think I did him an injustice, which I want to retract, because now when I see prospective Labour Colonial Secretaries climbing up the Jacob's ladder of Ministerial office, and departing from what should be the really basic principles of Labour's Colonial administration, I think I was not fair." Some interesting speeches followed, including a Fabian lecturette from Skinnard and some welcome old-fashioned Socialism from Rankin and Woods. But the debate only flickered into life when Captain Gammans made a powerful and disturbing speech on Malaya and Rees-Williams, from the Labour side, answered even more effectively. Creech-Jones, who later in his speech made some excellent remarks on Labour's progress in the Colonies, was obviously nettled by the references from behind him to continuity of policy, and replied in an unfortunate impromptu that, instead of criticising the Government for this, the back benchers should rejoice that Labour propaganda had converted the Tories. As one irate old Member remarked *sotto voce*, "it seemed hardly worth turning them out, if they were doing so well."

Supply days are often dull and disconnected affairs. But the debate on the Colonies was symptomatic of the Government's most grievous weakness, the discrepancy between the Socialist drive, energy and ability on the home front and the absence of Socialist policy and principle in external affairs. Had Mr. Bevin been Colonial Secretary, and presented exactly the same policy, he would have received an ovation from crowded and excited benches. That is precisely what is wrong. PHINEAS

IF THE LOAN GOES THROUGH

The *Economist*, in a leading article published last week, said of this country that "we are committed beyond recall, for good and for evil, to marching in step, so far as we can, with the American economy." These words were written on the assumption that this week's debates in the House of Representatives would end in the approval of the American Loan, and would thus make definitive our acceptance of the Bretton Woods Plan and our promise to back the American Trade Proposals, in addition to the obligations embodied in the Loan Agreements themselves. On that assumption, if the *Economist* is right, Britain with a Labour Government committed to a policy of evolutionary Socialism, is tied fast to a country of which the quintessence is aggressive, self-confident capitalism, impatient of all controls on the pursuit of money-making, and determined to use its vast economic strength to impress its pattern on the business institutions of the world.

This American attitude is the Tories' chief hope. It may—they hope it will—make matters so uncomfortable for the Labour Government and so hamper its measures for adapting the British economy to its changed position in the world as to render it unpopular with the electors and to bring about a return of the Tories to power. The more intelligent Tories argue that in practice Great Britain's economic dependence on the United States, confirmed by the Loan and by the conditions attached to it, will necessarily lead to political dependence as well. Mr. Bevin will have to agree with Mr. Byrnes, not only when Mr. Molotov is being unreasonable, but whether he is being unreasonable or not. We shall have to back the demands of American imperialist-capitalism not only on the Danube, but in the Middle East also, and indeed all over the world. This will embroil us not only with the Soviet Union, but with Socialists everywhere; and it will lead to more and more discontent among the Labour Party's followers at home. At the same time the tying of the pound to the dollar and the enforced liquidation of the sterling area, coupled with the forbidding of all trade arrangements which the Americans choose to regard as involving "discrimination," will make it impossible for Great Britain to follow the Labour Party's declared policy of full employment. Such is the Tory argument.

Not, of course, that we are in any danger of serious unemployment in the immediate future. For some time our problem will be that of shortage of man-power: indeed, we shall be seriously hampered by this shortage in the task of restoring our own economy. The danger of unemployment is not immediate; and, if and when it becomes real, it will present itself in a very peculiar form. We are compelled, on account of our extreme dependence on imports of food and materials and the loss of our overseas investments, to direct our energies towards building up a very large and highly specialised export trade, which has to be largely in capital goods because these afford by far the readiest markets. Our need to do this will hardly be modified at all by the American Loan, which will ease the immediate stringency only at the cost of compelling us to raise exports still higher later on in order to pay it back. But this high export trade, which we are forced to build up in order to live, will be exceedingly precarious in face of an American slump. It will be so because the Americans, if they are confronted at any time with a threatened collapse of their own home market, will undoubtedly try to export their home unemployment by increasing their exports of precisely the types of goods that will enter into direct competition with ours in the markets of the world. An American slump is therefore certain to make it very difficult for us to maintain our exports at the level which is necessary for supplying our people with food and our industries with imported materials; and we may, for this reason, be faced with large-scale unemployment despite our shortage of man-power in relation to our economic wants.

Of course, these unfortunate consequences will not ensue if the Americans do not have a slump—that is, if their industries are kept so busy supplying their expanding home market that they do not feel the need to take any special steps to push exports in order to prevent a slump. But can this possibly go on happening, with the Americans in their present mood? Anyone who cares to examine for himself the full records of the occurrence of booms and slumps over the past century can discover that on practically every occasion crisis and slump in the United States preceded crisis and slump in Great Britain, and that, even in the absence of the special bonds which are now to tie our economy to that of the United States, we were not in a position to avoid having crisis after crisis passed on to us across the Atlantic, whenever the Americans had been enjoying a fit of speculative excess, and had to pay the penalty. No doubt, the Americans are now pledged, equally with ourselves, to follow a policy of full employment; but it is essential to realise that "full employment" means different things to the Americans and to ourselves. To us it means an economy so controlled and planned as to deviate into neither boom nor slump, but to preserve an even and gentle expansionist pressure. To the Americans it means having a high old time, and hoping that the boom will last for ever. It means to the Americans not control, but the absence of control: it means in effect a state of affairs which on all previous occasions has ended up in crisis and been followed by slump.

Now, the Americans can perhaps stand another slump, even on the scale of the last, without sheer disaster; for their wealth of resources gives them immense resilience. We cannot. Given stable conditions of full employment as we understand it, we can perhaps manage to pull through the great economic difficulties with which we are faced, and to put our economy on a modestly sound foundation for the future. But we have no reserves; and even a temporary set-back of real seriousness to our export trade, when we have painfully rebuilt it, would threaten us with a disaster that would probably be fatal to all our plans for economic betterment.

There is, indeed, one great obstacle in the way of a Tory-American alliance to dish the Socialists. The Tories believe—or used to—in the Empire, and in policies of Empire Preference which the Americans, in their Trade Proposals, are seeking to compel this country to sweep away. This might lead the Tories, when the time came, to break with the Americans instead of supporting them, and to attempt to reconstitute the sterling area on the basis of closer imperial economic unity. This would indeed be, to a great extent, the policy which we should be compelled to follow in face of an American export drive brought on by a threatened slump in the American market. It is, however, a policy which the British Labour Government will be explicitly barred by its signature to the American Trade Proposals from advocating, either in its "Empire unity" form or in the better form of trying to build up a wide complementary group of countries for bulk mutual trading. The Tories, accordingly, might try to pose as the champions of "salvation for Britain through Empire trade." If, however, they adopted such a line, their policy would be incompatible with their desire to be on good terms with American Big Business as the leader of a world capitalist crusade.

The Tories, therefore, may eventually be placed in almost as great a dilemma as a Labour Government which is under the tactical disadvantage of having had to endorse all the Loan's painful conditions. Indeed, irrespective of Party considerations, it is difficult to see how Britain can escape a national disaster unless we may assume that the Trade Proposals will die a natural death, either through refusal of countries other than Britain to endorse them, or through the sheer impossibility of carrying out this American version of Nineteenth Century *laissez-faire.*

It is still on the cards that the Americans may re-enact price control in a workable form, may control the incipient boom which is now upon them, and may behave in future less as gamblers set on breaking the bank and more as responsible agents of a policy of world development to which they, with their vast resources, hold the key. There are not wanting Americans who are fully alive to the dangers of which we have spoken, and will do their best to avert them; and, even if at first they fail, it is on the cards that the effects of their failure may swing the American people over, before it is too late, to take up again the interrupted policies of the New Deal. The extraordinary division of powers in American society puts great obstacles in the way of such a process; but the experience of the Roosevelt epoch shows that, under stress, the thing can be done and may be done again.

We are not prophesying disaster, but pointing the finger at dangers of which the gravity cannot be denied. Most immediate of all is the danger that a failure to re-impose adequate controls may set the American people to gobbling up the food without which millions in other countries will be doomed to slow starvation, or, short of this, may stir up further labour troubles which will prevent the transport even of what the Americans are willing to spare. It is, however, reasonable to hope that a labour crisis, even if it comes, will not arrive at once, and that the Americans will honour their existing obligations to the starving peoples of the world. These are legitimate hopes; but there is no getting away from the fact that not only we, but a large part of the world, are now dependent on American good behaviour, and even on American generosity, or that the structure of American politics is ill-designed to give the natural generosity of American sentiment fair play.

THE SHADOW OF FAMINE

Since February the shadow of famine has darkened India's horizon. In the Bengal famine, a complacent administration took its relief measures many months behind the emergency. This time, under better leadership from Delhi, the Government of India acted three months ahead of the crisis. It has planned and struggled with the help of an able team of expert officials. But the failure of both the winter rains confronted it with a shortage all over the Peninsula of seven million tons of food grains, which means, unless other continents give aid, the worst famine India has experienced in half a century.

The measures that were taken involved in this country of primitive villages a big effort of organisation. No less than 130 million persons were brought within the rationing scheme. At the same time the standard ration of food grains, rice, wheat and millets, was cut from 1 lb. daily per head to 12 oz. Since the average villager depends mainly on cereal food, this is a starvation allowance, for it amounts to less than 1,200 calories. The cut was, however, less drastic than it looks. In fact, the average Indian rarely drew his full ration when it stood at 16 oz. The amount actually drawn varied in different areas from 50 to 85 per cent. Even now, of the reduced ration, only 90 per cent. is drawn. Here is a measure of India's poverty.

In New Delhi on the desk of a high official I saw the dial that measures the shadow of famine. It was a table of statistics that showed month by month the supplies of food grains available in each province in thousands of tons—so much had been procured by requisitioning within the province; so much in the deficit provinces had been imported from the surplus provinces; so much had come from overseas. The last column showed what stocks each province or State will have in hand at the end of June. Some of these figures were negligible. It was a terrifying revelation, for it meant that the prospect of maintaining in the stricken regions of Southern India even the starvation allowance of 12 oz. until the next harvest ripens, will depend entirely on the good will of the outer world.

Figures can terrify, but since I saw those tables, I have met the starving villagers themselves. In Bombay and Madras nearly everything has been done which their straitened resources permitted. Their rationing systems run smoothly. Use has been made of imported powdered milk, and much has been done to stimulate the cultivation of such crops as sweet potatoes. Madras has mobile kitchens which teach the peasants, who formerly lived on rice, how to use wheat and other unfamiliar substitutes. Bombay has Mobile Health Units which tour the villages and give first aid with milk and vitamin tablets to peasants who would otherwise succumb. But in Mysore State the administration has not been equal to its task.

Mysore ranks among the more progressive Indian States. It was the first to develop its abundant hydro-electric power. It has some flourishing industries and plantations, good roads, a rich goldfield and cities which startle the traveller by their relative prosperity. Though its government is an irresponsible bureaucracy, its Elected Assembly does focus public opinion and the State Congress Party, though hampered in many ways, works openly and above ground.

When last winter's rains failed, the Administration faced an alarming problem. Two lean years lay behind it and it had no reserves. The harvest of millet and rice showed a drop of 42 per cent. which meant a deficiency of 300,000 tons of cereals, chiefly millet, in this region the peasants' staple food. It was reckoned that out of a population of 8,000,000 some 3,600,000 producing peasants and their families had enough to eat, while in the rural areas some 2,600,000 persons and in the towns 1,800,000 would eventually be dependent on the Government for such rationed food as it could supply.

The Government's policy was first of all to collect their surplus from the producing landowning farmers and peasants in the more prosperous districts by a stern system of requisitioning. In theory enough was left to these farmers to allow them to pay their labourers in kind. In fact, it is doubtful whether many of them have sufficient stocks for this purpose. Other producers had food for some months. But, thereafter, they must be rationed. Secondly, the Administration cut the standard ration from the All-India level of 12 oz. to 8 oz., or even in the rural areas, to 7 oz. Of this starvation allowance, only a part is given in rice, wheat or millet; the rest is made up of such substitutes as ground nuts or potatoes. The provision made for the towns was always more generous than the villages received. The Government can claim that by this severe husbandry it will have at the end of June two months' stocks of cereals in hand, with which to face the worst period that lies ahead. It intends in July to raise the ration to 12 ozs.

In theory this severe policy can be justified. But as I saw it in operation it turned out to be a cruel mockery of the people's needs. I spent two days in visiting villages with Congress friends, while on the third day I had a high official as my guide. The plan does not work. The landless labourers, who get no ration cards and, therefore, cannot buy grain are not in fact paid in kind but in money. "Can we eat money?" they would ask, as they clustered round us, each with his tale of hunger and fear. I examined many ration cards, and I found that those fortunate peasants who did possess them rarely received much more than half of the reduced ration to which they were entitled. Worse still, the issue was irregular.

It is not only in the districts officially classed as famine areas that some villages are nearing the end of their endurance. In one poor little village on the road from Hassan to Mysore, we noticed some women grubbing up roots in the waste land by the roadside. They showed us the roots and herbs they were collecting and declared that these were all they had to eat. I was painful to see with what zest they consume a loaf of bread we gave them. Most of thei neighbours had fled to the towns, where the believed they could get food. One had walke twenty miles to a town, only to die when he reache it. One man had a ration card, issued on Ma 15th, when he presented it he got nothing and ha got nothing up to June 10th. Another man with card of the same date got one week's supply when he presented it again, he was threatene with a beating and sent empty away. The whol group looked emaciated and anaemic, mor especially the women and the sickly children.

Another village in the Bangalore district wa visibly nearing its crisis, though this also is not famine area. Only ten or twelve of its sevent families had ration cards. One of these showe that a family of nine persons was receiving ration that worked out at about 14 ozs. per hea per week. Outside the village was a group o huts inhabited by untouchables, who numbere sixty persons. They had not a ration card amon them. They insisted that I should enter thei miserable dwellings and examine the jars i which peasants store their grain. All of them were empty. They showed me the wild herb they collect and boil. Apart from these the were living on sweet potatoes, which they bu at a penny per pound. Many of them looked i and the nearly naked children were emaciated.

The worst of the villages I saw was Potenahall in the Kolar district. This is classed as a famin area. Here nature in her irony has located rich goldfield among the hungry villages. Thi place, with a population of 600 persons, had food depot whose keeper is a Member of th Legislative Assembly. He locked it up on Ma 29th; went away to Bangalore without leavin a substitute in charge, and locked it still was o June 12th. In the interval no rations could b drawn. The cards I saw showed that whe rations were available, they were at the rate o about 5½ ozs. per person per day. Many familie even in this destitute village had no cards at all "Those who come to the depot well-dressed," as one old man put it, "get rations: the other don't." No wheat or rice was issued, only jowar (a coarse millet) and ground nuts. Th result, as the village doctor (himself a sick man told us, was a dangerous prevalence of intestina disorders. We asked him how much longer th village could stand these conditions. He answere indirectly: "Food must come immediately can't you see for yourselves?"

And indeed we could. The faces of the ol men and the children haunt me still, like som nightmare etching by Goya. We looked at th emaciated crowd that gathered round us an wondered whether half of it will survive. Th doctor was helpless. He had a few drugs, but if there are powdered milk and vitamin tablets in Mysore State, they do not reach this village. As we turned away, the doctor warned us that we had not seen the worst, and he named another village which is even nearer its end. It was the head of the Food Administration of Mysore who predicted that by the first days of August over four million persons in this State may be starving. I think the ordeal will come sooner.

The facts as I witnessed them need no commentary. Faced with a desperate problem the administration of this State has broken down. It would be easy to enumerate many things it might have done but did not do. It could have used yeast and groundnut powder, both local products as sources of protein and vitamin B. It could even now forbid the export from the State of vegetables and especially potatoes, subsidising them if necessary. Some kitchens, thanks to the Congress, are open with State aid for the destitute, but too few to save many lives. The broad conclusion is simple. Mysore is in urgent need of imported food, but as urgently it needs an Administration capable of distributing fairly the supplies it receives. With the additional food it should accept a team of experienced organisers, vested with full powers.

H. N. Brailsford

A LONDON DIARY

Rumour has not been so busy since 1940. The latest I have heard was that German prisoners are living on pure white bread! Easy to scotch that one by pointing out that no white flour is now being made, though of course it is possible that somewhere some stock of white flour may still be unexhausted. And then the story that German P.O.W.s get much more to eat than British labourers. Evidence? The local grocer is telling customers that if they were Germans they'd get five times as much cheese. The facts about the feeding of German prisoners, who, having no "points," must have more of some basic foods, have been given in Parliament, but never popularised. Indeed, the press feeds these rumours. A British colonel is reported with banner headlines as saying that the Germans in Germany can buy plenty of food on the black market, but John Hynd's full statement on the exact food situation in Germany, proving the colonel fantastically wrong, is either suppressed or so treated in the press that its point is missed. Some rumours may start spontaneously, but there is plenty of evidence of an organised whispering campaign. The most effective item of evidence appeared in the *This England* column of this paper last week, where we quoted a speech at the Guildford Divisional Conservative Association by a woman who recommended as good tactics to "start moaning" when you get in a queue.

* * *

Rumour apart, there is no doubt that Dr. Fisher was right this week in raising the whole question of German prisoners of war in this country. It is a complex matter. Legally we are entitled to keep them here since the Geneva Convention only sets a time limit after the signature of the Peace Treaty within which prisoners must be repatriated. But this Convention was concluded at a time when the vanquished were allowed to sign a peace treaty. The present situation, in which the Allies have destroyed the German Government and so made a treaty impossible, was not envisaged. The prisoners in Britain, who now number some half a million, are used as agricultural workers and unskilled labourers. Without them we could not have got in last year's harvest and one reason why they are not repatriated now is that the Ministry of Agriculture sees no prospect of recruiting an extra 300,000 and more free British workers to replace them. It is sometimes suggested that these Germans do not want to return to Germany where they would get perhaps half the food they get here. I doubt if that is true of men with wives and children. I hear too that some new recruits from across the Atlantic felt they had been cheated when on arrival here they found that the promise to send them to their homes was not being fulfilled. If it is necessary to keep them here, a time limit should be laid down and proper wages should be paid. Otherwise, we shall be treating the Germans in the way which we denounced as inhuman when Hitler applied it to French prisoners-of-war.

* * *

A friend of mine spent last week-end visiting some of the council schools in his blitzed Midland constituency. One school, he told me, is housed in a building surrounded on three sides by a paint factory whose fumes are all-pervasive. It contains a boys' and girls' senior and two junior departments. As the whole of the first floor was destroyed in the blitz, only half of the classrooms used before the war are now available for a greatly increased number of children. Assembly and canteen meals take place in what was a portion of the workshop; lavatory accommodation is shockingly lacking. He was told that the immediate erection of four huts would at least relieve the pressure. They had been ordered months ago, and if they are not provided before September, the senior girls will be cut down to part-time work, since next term will bring a considerable increase in the school population. At another school, in an area where hundreds of pre-fabs have been erected, without any school provision, he found that nothing but part-time education was possible and many children were being refused places. Here the huts which could have provided new classrooms had been lying on the site since last October. They had not been put up because, so he was told, no labour was available. Slightly incredulous, he went on to a third school, a much better building, and undamaged in the blitz. Here he found that the school hall, next September, would have to house three simultaneous classes because the pre-fab hutments which had been ordered, and which could be erected immediately on the adjacent playing-fields, had not come. When I heard these stories, I could not help recalling Miss Wilkinson's rather helpless retort in a recent debate that she had no power to direct a single painter to work on school buildings. That of course is true. As Minister of Education, she employs neither teachers nor builders. But surely it is her responsibility to persuade her colleagues to give to school buildings a sufficiently high building priority to prevent the sort of thing happening which my friend describes. At present, the Ministry of Works has a special department dealing with pre-fab houses, but no department at all to deal with pre-fab schools. That I believe is the root of the trouble.

* * *

Mindful of past empires upon which the raped earth has been revenged and that "all our pomp of yesterday is one with Nineveh and Tyre," the scientists attending the Royal Society's Empire Scientific Conference have sounded a warning. They have drawn the attention of Governments to the startling facts of soil erosion in many parts of the Commonwealth and have called for a proper survey and inquiry into the suitable remedies. We know that in a hungry India, with its 400,000,000 population increasing at the rate of 5,000,000 a year, and with less than three-quarters of an acre of food-growing land per head, the skies of the Punjab are grey with day-and-night dust storms. In some areas the mismanaged floods snatch the precious patches and deposit them elsewhere, with litigation by the land-hungry trying to reclaim this lost soil. Canada, where in the Thirties they had 20,000,000 acres of broken prairies drifting in the winds, has had to introduce a Prairie Draining Limitation Act. Similarly in the Union, there is the menace of "The Great South African Desert" replacing the once fruitful farms, and of the bush creeping down from Central Africa. Australia is crying out for water, for new, persistent crops like pulses to knit the drifting soil, for checks on the depredations of rabbits and restriction on the grazing of sheep. It will take at least 50 years to regenerate the soil despoiled. In many colonies the commercial urge of cash crops and plantation farming is outraging the earth. Another factor is "Ploughman's Folly." Once the lean earth tilled with primitive shallow ploughs would respond. Now the tractor blades go deep and rend the sinews of the soil. And there are other complications: the White Man's Law and White Man's Magic, which have stopped tribal wars and checked tropical diseases, are producing a population pressure on the native pastures. One suggested solution was a "ceiling price" on wives. Because the suitors have to pay so many head of cattle for their brides, the native pastures are overstocked and overgrazed!

* * *

Queues are of many kinds; none is more democratic than the queue which waits with cats and dogs at an animal clinic. A friend who took her dog to one of these admirable institutions the other day found herself flanked by a very middle-class woman with a dog on one side and a comfortable charwoman with a tabby cat on the other. The woman with the tabby said that she feared her cat had bad breath again; she brought it to have its teeth scaled about once every two years. The woman with the dog explained that she was worried because it had been so restless lately. It seemed unable to settle down to anything. How old was it? About 12 years old. She thought perhaps it was going through a change of life.

Critic

R.S.V.P.

Potsdam Draft :
For all United Nations the *Big Five*,
Defending peace with ceaseless vigilance,
Preliminary Treaties will contrive,
Inviting your consent and maintenance,
And, pledged to consultations in advance,
Rejecting all peace-making by decree,
Great Britain, Russia, U.S., China, France,
Request the pleasure of your company.

Moscow Draft :
The *Big Four* who for joint agreement strive,
And on Great Power *diktats* look askance,
The concept of the Conference revive,
The prestige of small Powers to enhance.
As sponsor nations, giving countenance
To full debate and declarations free,
Great Britain, U.S.S.R., U.S., France,
Request the pleasure of your company.

Paris Draft :
The *Big Three* in their unrelenting drive
For peace, by way of combat *à outrance*,
Resolve to keep the Conference alive,
With stringent measures of surveillance;
And, laying down procedural *nuances*,
When voting for their new *fait accompli*,
Great Britain, Russia, U.S. *via* France,
Request the pleasure of your company.

Envoi :
Princes, accept your last and only chance
To hand peace-making back to the Big Three
Who, safeguarding their own preponderance,
Request the pleasure of your company.

Sagittarius

THIS ENGLAND

A 5/- prize for the first entry in this column goes to Roger Page

Paste entries on postcard or slip of paper and give details of origin. Address to THIS ENGLAND, 10 Great Turnstile, W.C.1.

Military Prisons. Object. 1. The object of penal establishments will be the rehabilitation of the soldier under sentence as a soldier, and to fit him in every way for a return to his unit. In cases where this rehabilitation as a soldier is impossible (due to the incapability of the man himself), the object will be to prepare him for return to civil life. This latter course will not be adopted except in the most stubborn cases.—War Office statement, House of Commons.

The only solution to the problem of unwanted Bibles, he suggested, was that they should be ceremonially burned with an episcopal blessing.—*Evening Standard.*

Two hours before it is due to be dropped, animal-lovers will pray at St. Herbert's Church, Carlisle, for the thousands of "guinea-pig" animals penned in the target ships.—*Daily Herald.*

What is the best substitute for bread in sandwiches? 10*s.* 6*d.* for most interesting suggestion received by Monday next.—*Daily Telegraph.*

One of the aims of the newly formed "Community of Friends of the United Nations in Germany" announced last night is "to teach the German people to play cricket."—A.P.—*The Sheffield Telegraph.*

AMERICANS, JEWS AND ARABS

It is no secret that the Anglo-American discussion on Palestine is not going well. Two months after the publication of the Anglo-American Report, no agreement has been reached on any major points of policy and the public statements of the Prime Minister and the President are in obvious discord. Even the optimists on the British side believe that something like three and a half months must still elapse before a policy is hammered out. In that time, ugly things may well happen throughout the Middle East.

Among Jews—but not among Arabs—there is a tendency to believe that the spinning out of negotiations is due to deliberate British stalling. This is certainly not the case. The British Government, which is bearing all the risks and expense of policing Palestine, wants a final decision as soon as possible. If Mr. Attlee had decided to act without the U.S.A., he would probably have announced his policy before the end of May. But ever since last September he and Mr. Bevin have been determined to drag the Americans off the side-line on which they have been "rooting" for twenty years. So far, they have failed.

From the start, Mr. Truman has been blamed by his party managers for his handling of the Palestine issue. They realise that his inept letter to Mr. Attlee, requesting certificates for 100,000 victims of Fascism, enabled the Prime Minister to persuade him to give his consent to an Anglo-American Committee. They are determined to prevent him from committing himself and his party any further in an issue which may be fatal to their success at the next election. Looked at from the narrow aspect of Democratic Party politics, there is every disadvantage in achieving an Anglo-American policy for Palestine.

Ever since Roosevelt's ill-fated interview with Ibn Saud, the Administration has been held in a cleft stick. Arab leaders, who claim to have seen a verbatim report of the interview, maintain that Roosevelt gave quite explicit assurances with regard to the American attitude to Zionist immigration into Palestine. Responsible Americans stationed in the Middle East do not deny these Arab claims. Immediately after his return to Washington, Roosevelt gave to the American Zionist leaders another set of explicit assurances which, to put it mildly, were not in full harmony with his statements to Ibn Saud. Then followed the letter to Ibn Saud which was published after Roosevelt's death. Britain is not the only country which has made conflicting promises to Jews and Arabs.

In politics, conflicting promises can be ironed out fairly easily unless they result from conflicting interests. American commercial and strategic interests demand good relations with the Arab States of the Middle East. Aviation, one of the most powerful pressure groups, has been working for years for an understanding with the Arab Governments which will facilitate the development of American air lines in the area. American oil companies, whose pipeline is to be constructed from Saudi Arabia to Haifa, and who are paying King Ibn Saud almost as much as we are, also realise that their business is not assisted by American support for Zionism. Moreover an Administration, which is busily taking precautions against the possibility of a war against the U.S.S.R., fully realises that the Middle East has become not merely a British but an American strategic interest. When we add to all this the considerable influence in the State Department asserted by the American universities of Beirut and Cairo, whose labours are chiefly responsible for the development of the Arab intelligentsia and thereby of Arab nationalism, it is difficult to avoid the conclusion that the external interests of America all demand a pro-Arab solution of the problem.

Why then have American statesmen, ever since the Balfour declaration, given such completely uncritical support to the Jewish National Home? In the first place there are now some six million American Jews, most of whom live in New York City and in a few other big centres, such as Chicago, Philadelphia and Cincinnati. This great Jewish population is almost entirely the result of a Jewish exodus from Central Europe which, between 1900 and 1914, carried one and a quarter million European Jews to the U.S.A.

To-day, the proportion of Jews to Gentiles in New York City is roughly the same as that of Jews to Arabs in Palestine. But whereas there are only 600,000 Jews in Palestine, there are two million in New York. The attitude of the Jews therefore in New York State might well decide the result of a presidential election. The Jewish vote to-day is at least as important as the Irish, and Palestine for this reason has become an American *domestic* issue such as Ireland was.

But it would be a gross over-simplification to imagine that the American support for Zionism is solely due to a Jewish pressure group. The Americans, unlike the British, are a nation of pioneers. To an American therefore the formation of a Jewish National Home or even of a Jewish State, in Palestine is no more shocking than the formation of the United States of America in Red Indian country. Millions of non-Jewish Americans support the National Home because they sincerely believe that the solution of the Jewish problem is to be found in the construction by Jewish pioneers of a Jewish State. As for the Arabs, the American soldier who saw them in North Africa tends to rate them with other indigenous peoples whom it would be a crime to protect against the march of progress.

One could rarely find such an example of an insoluble dilemma. On the one side economic and strategic interests of high importance, but recognised only by the monopoly capitalists themselves and by the State Department; on the other side, a colonising experiment, backed by Jew and non-Jew alike for idealistic reasons. No wonder that American politicians have sought to further the interests of American aviation and oil, while publicly supporting a crusade which has usually had the added advantage of involving an attack on British Imperialism.

Anglo-American relations, in order to thrive, must be based on clear, mutual interests. In the case of Palestine and of the Middle East, it is all too obvious that no American interests—not even the interests of aviation and oil—demand the use of American troops or even the assumption by the Administration of joint responsibility with Britain. The Administration must desire to avoid any step which would disclose to the American public the essential and inevitable ambiguity of American policy. No American President can ever admit that aviation and oil interests are paramount in his mind. But equally, he cannot permit his ardour for Zionism to carry him so far that he endangers those interests. If he is forced to a decision, he is bound to maintain his support for Zionism, but to refuse the commitments which such support should reasonably and morally involve.

Any attempt, therefore, to involve America directly in the Palestinian problem is unlikely to succeed. But do we need American troops or administrators? Their presence would give the White House the right to lay down the policy of the Palestine administration or at least to control it jointly with Downing Street. Such dual administration would make confusion worse confounded, and arouse hostility among the Arabs and suspicion in the U.S.S.R. If there are sound American reasons for avoiding direct responsibility in Palestine, there are sound British reasons for not pulling the Americans in.

What we should expect of America is a generous loan for Middle Eastern development of which the major portion would be spent exclusively in assisting Arab countries. In the second place, we should persuade her jointly with the British Commonwealth to receive those European Jews who wish to emigrate elsewhere than to Palestine. If America would do those two things, Britain is strong enough to tackle the Palestine problem alone, either along the lines of the Anglo-American Report, or, if this involves too lengthy and heavy a responsibility, by partition.

R. H. S. Crossman

LABOUR AND WEST AFRICA

(From a Correspondent)

It is increasingly obvious that Colonial affairs are at a difficult and critical stage. The fate of the Labour Government and of even more important matters may depend on the way they are handled. This is particularly true of Africa, and its western regions. Changes which have been going on there for some time, both in the hinterland and on the Coast, have accelerated their pace and are likely to become very significant in the near future, politically as well as culturally.

In the broader context of world affairs, factors likely to affect the future situation in South Africa are just as relevant to Britain's position. One might instance not only the speedy growth and spread of African nationalism, but the imminent emergence of India as a sovereign and active member of the Uno Assembly, and over all, the apparent determination of Soviet Russia to use the latter instrument in pursuit of "colonial" ends. In the light of such considerations, broadcast discussions on precisely how and when and why the African should be educated for "self-government" are somewhat academic, particularly when, following what outwardly appears to be an official prohibition, the African himself is given no share in them. Speaking very plainly, *our* opinions on such matters may, before so very long, be of interest only to historians if the present trend in racial feeling continues, and we are obliged to re-occupy the political position that Nature geographically indicated for us—as a small island off a not too friendly continent.

Most of us agree on the implications of Colonial "self-determination" in the broader sense. The advance to self-government must be accompanied by large economic developments, particularly of an agrarian kind. Schemes have been drawn up and outlined in some detail. They include plans for spreading literacy, co-operation, trade unions and so on. The main task is to convert subsistence, "communal" economies, based almost entirely on illiteracy, into thriving, mainly peasant societies. Local and feudal and pre-feudal institutions have also to be "re-orientated" on less parochial and more democratic lines. Obviously, all this will require a great deal more than words and paper, and more than the relatively small number of accredited teachers, technicians, and various kinds of specialists which, at the optimum, can be turned out in the next few years. It can be carried out *only* if an intense feeling of enthusiasm and willing collaboration is aroused among the peoples and communities concerned.

As one who has seen something of conditions in the so-called "bush" part of Africa, I would be the first to agree that the task is immense. Who is there capable of arousing that spirit? The ordinary European administrator, in many cases, has a very real and friendly relationship with the "bush man." But, to a large extent, the price of their mutual understanding—and the obligation is strongly implied in "Indirect Rule"—is non-interference with the "bush man's" ways and conservative traditions. To strain the compact too far may mean in present circumstances a final break in the friendship.

There remain the literate Africans, of whom the more educated type, if we interpret some semi-official apologists correctly, is mainly a problem in the present situation. Nevertheless, "troublesome" or not, it is he, and he alone who, on a fuller analysis of the culturally and politically developing circumstances, holds the key to them. Moreover, it is a key which is largely master to the sociology as well as the politics of the occasion. He has one qualification which the European, however earnest his inentions, can never properly acquire. However suspect the educated African may be, in some tribal communities, on account of his "white man's ways," he still remains the same colour as the people. Very often he can speak their language. Often he still retains, despite all that has been done educationally, sometimes, to rob him of it, a sincere feeling for the aesthetic tone as well as the cultural difficulties of the pre-literate and semi-literate people. He has a rapidly increasing and patriotic regard for their traditional history. If he were inspired to do it, he could be the means of transforming sub-continental Africa in the same way that a sub-continental portion of Asia has been transformed.

It must be added that too few educated Africans are willing to take advantage of the training and administrative posts now offered them by the Colonial Office. They prefer to be private doctors and lawyers. But this only reinforces my point that, in spite of some recent advances towards social betterment, the African does not believe in the prospect of genuine political advance, and therefore is not inclined to accept administrative jobs.

What is to be done about the matter ? Colonial enthusiasm which greeted the Labour Government has largely evaporated. The loss of faith is due to seeing no real change, and no near prospect of any change, from what is opprobriously termed the "old (Colonial) system." This means the general constitution of Crown Colony government and all its implications, particularly of alien rule. New names will be invented and new titles given, but the old game will go on as before. Educated Africans ask what is meant by "partnership." This pledge, as the future and essential principle of imperial collaboration, was given when Britain had direct need of her Colonial peoples. It was made primarily to that Colonial section—the educated classes—which could best appreciate and best implement the urgent necessities of the hour. For this reason, the educated classes consider that they should be seriously consulted and have their full share in the honouring of it. They feel that the political question should be settled before the sociological and economic problems can be faced.

Very briefly, however, this West African outlook may be summarised fairly concretely in the following "guiding" principles. There must be immediately the fullest consideration and regard for local opinion on questions relative to mining rights, land sequestration, produce marketing schemes, outside trading arrangements and agreements, etc. ; a very substantial widening and encouragement of elected forms of political representation ; an enlargement of direct representation on Legislative Councils progressing rapidly towards the elimination of present bureaucratic systems ; the removal of all unnecessary and anomalous restraints and restrictions on political and public discussion ; equal opportunities with Europeans in selection, training, and appointment, and equal social and economic incentives, consonant with qualifications, in *every* aspect of Government service.

On the other side of this matter, a great improvement is needed in making the British position and the sincerity of the British people's intentions better known in the Colonies. In these days of cheap newsprint, radio, and cinema, there is no reason why events in the outside world should not be reported and comprehended almost daily in the most out of the way corner of the bush. It would make an enormous difference to interracial and Anglo-African friendship and understanding. Through the long years of our war, illiterate peoples have been "dragooned" frequently to provide us with amounts of produce much in excess, in many cases, of their normal output and at prices fixed arbitrarily for them. Often, there were no real means of controlling the retail goods they required in return. At the same time, very many of their young men, who might have shared the extra burden, were "recruited" for service several thousand miles away. These people would be interested to have the fullest details of those £120 millions for Colonial development, and to be told on whom and how it is to be spent. They would be more than a little happy, too, many of them, to realize that at last, perhaps, they "belong."

THE FUTURE OF THE FISHERIES

All are now realising, as never before, the immense asset represented by the deep-sea fishing industry. Mines have been cleared at unexpected speed by the Navy and, with men and vessels returning to service, the industry is rapidly regaining its pre-war size. But it is resuming work in seas that are replenished with fish, as the record catches of our trawlers bear witness. Modern warfare, which obliterates cities and devastates vast tracts of country, brings peace to the inhabitants of the sea bottom. For a second time in a generation they have experienced this close season while their enemies fought one another. After the first world-war man had his revenge on them by fishing with such intensity that he reduced the population of food fishes in the waters around these islands to such an extent as to defeat his own objects. The fishing industry was getting ever-diminishing returns for ever-increasing efforts when the outbreak of war in 1939 deflected the bulk of the ships and men to other purposes.

In the sea we reap without sowing. This has its clear advantages ; it has the associated drawbacks. We are dependent on the fundamental productivity of the seas we fish ; we cannot fertilise these as we enrich the productivity of our fields. Although the productivity of Continental seas is enormous, it is not infinite ; and the unrestricted fishing of all the maritime nations of western Europe had its inevitable result in the thirties of this century. Overfishing, long prophesied and as strenuously denied, became apparent with annually diminishing returns.

Modern methods of intensive capture of bottom or demersal fish date from the middle of the last century when the development of rapid methods of transport enabled fish to be carried to the teeming populations of the cities born of the industrial revolution. The first trawlers came from Brixham in Devon and quickly extended their activities into the North Sea where they fished the rich and virgin grounds of the Dogger Bank and Silver Pit. Fishing now took place from two-masted sailing smacks, and the new port of Grimsby became the greatest centre of fishing in the world. The result of a Royal Commission in 1866 was to remove a host of obsolete restrictions on fishing and the industry advanced by leaps and bounds.

Initially, fishing was confined to the North Sea, but, with the introduction of the steam trawler in the Eighties, it began to spread both north and south finally reaching the Arctic in the Barentz Sea and approaching the tropics off Morocco. Preservation of the catch in ice had been introduced much earlier. This increase in range of fishing masked the effects of the intensive fishing of the North Sea. Total production grew greater as the more efficient otter trawl succeeded the smaller beam trawl. With the adoption, after the last war, of the Vigneron-Dahl or French trawl, the industry became possessed of an instrument of devastating efficiency.

Meanwhile science had begun to play a somewhat belated part. At centres of fundamental research, notably the laboratory of the Marine Biological Association at Plymouth, the fundamental facts underlying the fertility of the sea were being determined. At the Government laboratories at Lowestoft and Aberdeen the natural history of the food fishes and the effects of fishing upon stocks were being studied. Similar problems were being studied by the other maritime nations of Europe, and in 1902 there had come into being the International Council for the Exploration of the Sea. Common interest in the vast expanse of seas open to the fishing fleets of all nations led to co-ordination of research. The Council can want no better evidence of the value of its work and of the international spirit of science which has animated its activities than the success with which it has emerged intact from two world wars.

The collection of statistics of landings had fortunately been sufficiently adequate to reveal the effect of the close season of 1914–1918 on the stocks of fish. They later revealed all too clearly the rapidity with which the accumulated stocks were fished out in the years that followed. Though here again the discovery of rich new fishing grounds around Bear Island, between Spitzbergen and the north coast of Norway, offset to a considerable degree the marked diminution in the yield from other areas. But the disease of overfishing had been diagnosed with certainty and the evidence is presented for all to read by Dr. E. S. Russell, until recently Director of Fishery Investigations, Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries, in his book, *The Overfishing Problem*, published in 1942.

Now for a second time the fish stocks have increased, to an even greater extent than after 1918. This time we have the clear evidence of the effects of past overfishing. We have also adequate knowledge of the available stocks of fish on which we can base reasonable estimates of the amount which can be taken out without affecting future catches. Fishing beyond a certain intensity actually defeats its own object as more and more smaller fish are removed. By fishing at a reduced, at a optimal, intensity sufficient numbers of young fish are left to grow to sexual maturity and also to provide the basis of future catches. It is clearly better to catch a smaller number of larger fish than a larger number of smaller fish with the additional effect of destroying many of these before they can breed.

Despite the manifold preoccupations of the British Government, there has recently met in London, at its invitation, an International Overfishing Conference. This was attended by representatives of Belgium, Denmark, Eire, France, Iceland, the Netherlands, Norway, Poland, Portugal, Spain, Sweden and the United Kingdom with an observer from the United States and representatives from the International Council for the Exploration of the Sea. The conference studied the possibility of agreeing on regulations for the control of fishing in the North Sea and adjacent areas and its findings have now been published.* These go, perhaps as far as they can be expected to go at a time when the first essential is food for a starving world. Agreement was reached on an increase in the size of the mesh of trawl nets, experiment having shown that in this way many smaller and commercially, though far from biologically, valueless fish escape capture, and also on size limits for the twelve most important demersal food fishes. But proposals from this country for limitation of the global tonnage of the fishing fleets of the various countries to a size which, it is estimated, will prevent overfishing in future were not accepted. On the other hand, the reality of the problem was appreciated by all and their concern shown by the suggested appointment of a standing Advisory Committee "to study and within a year make proposals as to the most suitable form of regulation for the prevention of overfishing in the North Sea and the areas adjacent to the British Isles."

The door is thus left open for further action based on the considered judgment of the representatives of all nations concerned. Fortunately stocks are now probably high enough to withstand the necessary intensive fishing in the lean years immediately ahead. After then, action on the known facts will be essential if all are not eventually to suffer. In the meantime it is for the governments to ratify the convention agreed upon by their representatives. C. M. Yonge

---

*Final Act and Convention of the International Overfishing Conference. Cmd. 6791. *H.M. Stationery Office.* 2d. net.

ART AMONG THE RUINS—II

In the course of the last two war-years cultural life in Germany came to a virtual standstill. As soon as hostilities ceased theatrical life started to function once more with truly amazing speed. Before even the first trams were repaired, performances were put on under the most trying conditions. There was practically no transport; props and scenery had to be carted about in wheelbarrows; telephones were non-existent and rehearsals went on with the electric current going off without any notice at frequent intervals. The audiences were always most benevolent, even enthusiastic, and shirked no discomfort. Rain dropping through the ceiling could not deter people from listening to music or watching a long and serious play, acted by unshaven and hungry actors in an unheated hall without windows.

As many theatres had been destroyed, any sort of building was used for entertainment purposes, and with great ingenuity village halls or gymnasiums were made into attractive theatres. In the city of Hamburg the story of the opera house is most remarkable. As the auditorium of this great theatre had been bombed, it was decided to use the stage, which was left intact, as a complete little theatre. A strong brick wall was built where the iron curtain used to be and, without in any way interfering with the floor of the stage, seating accommodation for about 700 people, a proper orchestral pit for sixty musicians and a charming, if not very deep, stage (even with prompter's box) was installed. When they did not know what to do with the ugly ceiling, the ballroom ceiling from "Fledermaus" was run up, complete with five stage candelabra, transforming the place into a perfect little rococco theatre. Never since the days of Salzburg or the Vienna Hofburg theatre have I seen performances of Mozart operas in more pleasant surroundings.

Music and theatres in the Hamburg region of the British Zone are organised particularly well. The great ability of the major in charge, who is not only a first-class organiser but also a good musician, has built up an artistic life which in many respects surpasses the quality of performances in Berlin.

In Hamburg I saw a new German play which rather impressed me. Its title is "Das Abgründige in Herrn Gerstenberg," and its author Axel von Ambesser, himself a well-known actor. In the manner of Thornton Wilder, the producer introduces Herr Gerstenberg, the subject of the play. With Herr G., his better and his worse self appear on the stage, played by three different actors, they go through all the movements of an average plot, involving a girl, "the other man," the father-in-law and other figures.

Ambesser's play is the first ray of light after the long night of Nazi cultural dictatorship, for, unlike music, the theatre had no redeeming individual achievements whatsoever. In Berlin there is a different kind of new play—the plainly political one. I remember particularly "Wir lassen Euch hoffen," by the twenty-year-old Fred Denger, given at what is now called Max Reinhardt's Deutsches Theater." The play starts with a most realistic representation of Berlin as it is now. Types which you see in the streets are shown with almost photographic exactitude, and a company of very young, unknown but enthusiastic actors are doing their lively best. The play deteriorates into a typical German sentimental solution.

I would like to mention Guenther Weissenborn's "Die Illegalen," which, although certainly very sincere, seemed to me a weak imitation of Bert Brecht's earlier plays, melodramatic and with plenty of indifferent verse. The play deals with the Nazi era and so does "Hoellenparade," a political revue by Horst Lommer, which was quite successful. Other rather more (and too) tendentious plays are turned out at record speed by Friedrich Wolf, well-known author of "Sailors of Cattaro," "Professor Mamlock" and many others. Wolf returned to Germany from exile in Moscow, as did many other writers who are now prominent in Berlin. There is in the first place Johannes R. Becher, now uncrowned cultural dictator in the Russian zone, a good poet, mediocre as a novelist, at any rate a best-seller. These people live in comparative luxury and are, as representatives of Russian academic cultural policy, treated extremely well. There is some ill-feeling against the protégés of the Russian Military Government among those members of the Berlin left-wing Intelligentsia who did not emigrate. Friends among German actors who resisted the Nazis were resentful of the reappearance of Gruendgens and others like him in effective and successful parts, whilst the resistance actors were slaving away at "Professor Mamlock" and other unpopular political plays.

There is a considerable rivalry between Russian-controlled and other theatres. The Russians make it very agreeable for the artists in the institutions under their control. They give them better food allocations and extra fuel when a special effort is demanded, and such material benefits mean a great deal in Germany to-day, where a tenor may collapse and cannot sing in the last act simply because he is too hungry to carry on. Flowers are almost unobtainable in Germany to-day, and it is extraordinary to see how thrilled a German woman is if you present her with a meagre bunch of half-wilted primroses, but at the first night of Offenbach's "Tales of Hoffmann" the foyer of the Berlin State Opera was simply full of the most beautiful flowers—expressly sent there by the Russian authorities.

I do not believe one could find anywhere in Europe a more interesting, elegant and international audience than at a first night in Berlin. The best types of Russian, American, French and British officers chatting gaily during the intervals, an exciting smell of perfume and flowers, a real peace-time atmosphere. . . . Five minutes away, German women working in labour gangs trying to clear away the unbelievable mountains of rubble of that fascinating ruin—Berlin. The luxury of the black market restaurant and the hungry faces of German youth staring with feverish eyes at some awful-looking chemically-coloured stuff on sandwiches in the window of a cheap restaurant. These contrasts are shattering.

Splendid cultural achievements did not prevent the German people from allowing their leaders to commit the worst horrors history can remember. The deep-seated importance of cultural values did not convert the people as a whole to the political beliefs and practice of democracy. I believe that after this tremendous gap of thirteen years a period in which, (with the exceptions I have outlined) there has been creative stagnation in Germany, a new attempt must be made to re-educate the Germans. We cannot make them embrace democracy by giving them more food. But where "panis" is scarce, "circenses" are all the more important. The Russians are sending their ballet companies, the famous Yiddish theatre and excellent instrumentalists to Germany, the French the best Paris orchestra. Would it not be a good idea to extend the charter of the British Council to include Germany? Perhaps more than in any other country in the world, it could fulfil a very urgent political task by cultural means. Although excellent work is being done by officials of the British Military Government, conditions are not ideal everywhere, and the mere lack of man-power restricts the guidance more often than not to purely bureaucratic functions.

But when Britain sends art and artists to Germany it must not be forgotten that the standards there are still on a respectable level. People who know the German mind and German artistic taste should be in a position to influence the choice of our "cultural exports." While one should be careful with, for instance, exporting music by Elgar, as the English elements in it are very difficult to separate from the German romantic influences, many works by younger British composers like Tippett, Britten and others should be most suitable for performance in Germany. Elizabethan music, the songs of that astonishing genius Dowland and William Byrd's "Great Service," are completely unknown to the German public. Whistler and Constable are quite as little known in Germany as Caspar David Friedrich is in England, and it would surely be wonderful propaganda to send Mr. Ralph Richardson to play Falstaff with a British company. The Germans would appreciate these imports very much just now, and, in fact, a great number of people have told me that they are wanted badly. I hope the authorities will not miss this opportunity to influence the German mind in a subtle and certainly effective way. WALTER GOEHR

RADIO NOTES

One of the minor pleasures of constant listening is that the B.B.C. is apt to delight us when we least expect it. Those who felt down in the mouth over the last minute postponement of the Toscanini concert no doubt foresaw some scratch performance of a hackneyed masterpiece hastily pushed into the gap. But in fact the concert given by the City of Birmingham orchestra was on the whole much above the average to which we are used to-day, and the Poulenc-Bernac-Goossens recital which followed it, in the second part of the programme, was almost wholly delightful. George Weldon inspired the strings of his orchestra to as fine performance of the *Air on the G String* as I have ever heard, and although the playing in the rest of the programme was not up to the same standard, the Beethoven symphony sounded far from "routine." Franz Osborn is always a thoughtful pianist, with considerable reserves of power; but although his delivery of the solo part in Mozart's *E flat Concerto* (K482) was never less than interesting, I found it too Beethovenish for my taste, and insufficiently lyrical for this heavenly work which has claims to be considered the best piano concerto Mozart ever wrote. In the second concert I hope some listeners will have been as agreeably impressed as I was by Saint-Saëns' *Oboe Sonata*. This was one of the composer's last works and it seemed to possess, apart from the consummate craftsmanship one expects, a charm and invention usually lacking in the work of this very academic musician. I say "seemed," because possibly Leon Goossen's exquisite and technically astonishing performance incited one to overrate the music. Poulenc's brittle and imponderable *Chansons Villageoises* proved deeply uninteresting, but an unnamed song, to words by Apollinaire, was eloquent indeed and full of the bland, nostalgic beauty with which certain subjects seem always to inject the charming but uneven talent of this very French artist.

I was grateful for these easy pleasures; but when an unscheduled and unnecessary piece, shoved into the front of the Boyd Neel concert on July 3rd, resulted in the fading out of Gerald Finzi's *Dies Natalis* before the final movement, gratitude was not what I felt. This is the kind of nonchalant muddling which gets the B.B.C. a bad name among serious listeners and is essentially inexcusable. Mr. Finzi's cantata may not be great music, but it has real distinction of style and feeling, and calmly to dock it of its ending is worse than not performing it at all—like a gallery that should exhibit a canvas in one side of which someone has accidentally torn a large hole.

While on the subject of music I should like to throw a bouquet at Mr. Clifford Bax for a most stimulating talk on the pianola. The invisibility of the instrument, when it was played, helped me to discover the qualities which really disclose its mechanical nature. Mr. Bax was of course right in claiming that the pianola lends some scope to the sensibility of the individual performer. Yet there are certain oddities which always give it away: it hesitates where no human fingers would hesitate, then makes a funny little rush; its rubato is completely mechanical, *unfelt;* its chording is apt to be stiff. And although it is something of a feat—even for a pianola—to play every note of Ravel's *Jeux d'Eau* without any sustaining pedal, no pianist would ever do this in performance and the effect is indeed strangely bloodless and contrary to the nature of the piece. Still, how much better a pianola than a bad gramophone record!

RECOMMENDATIONS.—*Sunday, July* 14. Symphony Concert (3 p.m.); Return Journey (7 p.m.); Les Trois Amis (9.15 p.m.); Dylan Thomas (10.38 p.m.)

Monday. Concert (6.30 p.m.); Concert (L.P. 10.10 p.m.) Beethoven op. 127 (Hungarian String Quartet, 11.25 p.m.)

Tuesday. The Artist in Modern Life (Philip Hendy) (11.3 p.m.) Book Reviewing: W. J. Turner, Daniel George, Gerald Bullett (L.P. 6.40).

Friday. "Things to Come" (Kingsley Martin, L.P. 10 a.m.); British Zone (9.30 p.m.); C. V. Wedgwood on William Drummond of Hawthornden (11.30 p.m.)

Saturday. Concert (Sir Thomas Beecham, L.P. 7.30 p.m.) EDWARD SACKVILLE WEST

BALLET

Ballet ! Ballet ! Ballet ! groaned the husband of an insatiable balletomane in the days of the Diaghilev Ballet. The critic of to-day echoes the groan ; there is no evading the word-ration, and how shall he summarise his reactions to so much and such varied movement and idioms of movement ? The first night of the Ballet Rambert at Sadler's Wells was also the twentieth aniversary of its foundation at the Mercury Theatre. No better tribute could be paid in words to Marie Rambert, that great *maîtresse de ballet* and nurse of choreographers, than Madame Karsavina and Frederick Ashton's eloquent contributions to the Souvenir Programme.

Two early ballets by Anthony Tudor were brilliantly performed, and Sally Gilmour gave again a most poignant rendering of the lady transformed into a fox. I can imagine this theme concentrated in a solo dance of great power. *Lady into Fox* is now a classic and well enough known to justify such an abstraction. Each time I see it, the magic transformation, which is a work of genius, impresses me more as the only really significant part of the ballet. Walter Gore's new ballet, *Mr. Punch,* seemed at first sight to be only a riotous harlequinade in which, while admiring the brilliant dancing of Walter Gore himself, of Sally Gilmour and John Gilpin, and the intriguing make-up and characterisation of Sylvia Briar as Dog Toby, I did not see much point. But on a second view I found a good deal more in it than this, and was increasingly fascinated by Walter Gore's danced delineation of Punch's character, and in the unfolding of his crafty, primitive mind. I found it indeed really moving. Madame Rambert's eye for fresh talent is still wide open ; Ronald Wilson and Arthur Oldham, responsible for the décor and music, are both very young and pleasantly gifted. Sixteen-year-old John Gilpin is a typically delightful Rambert foster-child of promise.

Of the first programme of the Ballet Theatre at Covent Garden I much preferred *Fancy Free* by Jeromé Bobbins, who as one of three sailors performed an exhibition dance of dazzling virtuosity. This cute side-walk ballet is very cleverly set and lighted, and Bernstein's syncopated score is perfectly rendered by the three sailors and three girls who form the cast. In *Les Sylphides* the classical body discipline did not seem to have risen above the shoulders of the dancers, and its poetry had certainly not penetrated their souls. Eglevsky and Nora Kaye won great applause for a difficult *pas de deux* from the third act of *Swan Lake.* Fokine's last ballet, *Bluebeard,* whose whirlwind pace swept one along too rapidly to grasp what was passing, seems more suited to a high-class pantomime stage, as *Helen of Troy* to a very low one. Perhaps only those who still believe in the heroic can adequately burlesque it, as for example the classical Javanese burlesque of their majestic *Kelono.*

I admired Schönberg's music and much beautiful and exciting dance design in Anthony Tudor's pathological ballet *Pillar of Fire ;* also the delightful dancing of Norma Vaslavina. I did not like the sentimental apotheosis, but cannot presume to have an opinion on so important a ballet till I have seen it several times. It was admirably performed.

Beryl de Zoete

THE I.S.C.M.

Luck and good management : both are playing their part in the success of this first post-war festival of the International Society for Contemporary Music. Just missing our unspeakable June, the delegates were also ingeniously steered past the Kensington Gore Mausoleum and the Wigmore Conventicle. Blue skies and blazing sun, the charms of Glyndebourne, the elegance of Covent Garden, and the solid splendour of the Goldsmiths' Hall : these, I am glad to reflect, will be the highly uncharacteristic impressions of musical England carried away by our visitors.

And what are the impressions which will be left with us ? A little dim, to judge by the first two concerts. One can never be sure how representative the various national contributions are, because a natural desire to include as many composers as possible always tips the balance towards the *short* works. Thus the English contribution consists only of a slight overture by Rawsthorne and the *Three Symphonic Preludes* of Elisabeth Lutyens. Miss Lutyens has an ear which ensures that her orchestral combinations are continuously beautiful ; she is a composer of undeniable sincerity, and yet I confess that I can't get the hang of her twelve-tone sequence of thought—if thought is the right word to describe what is really a kind of pre-determination.

The only work at the opening orchestral concert which was at all exhilarating was the *Town-piper-music* of Richard Mohaupt, a German now living in the U.S.A., who has based his work on a picture of Nuremberg musicians by Albrecht Dürer ; this is a jolly piece which would go well with a glass of beer out of doors. The *Piano Concerto* by Robert de Roos (Holland) was a disappointment to me, for I had enjoyed one of his quartets a few months ago, and hoped for something better than this sadly ineffective piano writing. The Gallic clarity and grace of Elsa Barraine's *Second Symphony* made a welcome contrast, but I venture to suggest that ballet is at present the likeliest outlet for this genuine, slender talent. Prokofiev contributed a thumping *Ode to the End of the War* (his Op. 105), which adds nothing to his reputation ; the eccentric scoring no more disguised the poverty of the material than the showy motifs slapped on to the empty facade of some Pavilion of Culture at an International Trade Exhibition.

It was a pity that the best things in the first Chamber Concert came at an hour when people were too exhausted to enjoy them to the full. A *String Quartet* by Jerzy Fitelberg (son of the Polish conductor) had a rather ingenious theme and variations sandwiched between two large slices of austerity allegro. A *Sonatina for Clarinet and Piano* by the Swiss Albert Moeschinger was as clean and airy as a Swiss railway station ; and the brief *String Quartet* by Sten Broman (Sweden) exhibited similar hygienic virtues in a more academic shape. But from this point, though our exhaustion increased, our spirits rose. Luigi Dallapiccola (whose nationality the programme cautiously refused to specify, presumably because he comes from Istria) produced the first real novelty, in his *Songs from Captivity* to Latin texts from Boethius and Savonarola. With a small chorus, two pianos, two harps and a quantity of miscellaneous percussion, he contrived some delicate and fascinating effects of sonority, not unlike the tinkling drops that might fall from some gigantic tap. The warm vocal line left us in no doubt as to the composer's nationality, and contained enough feeling to warrant the guess that he may one day achieve something deeper than Respighi, whom in this work he superficially resembles. Stravinsky's 1943 *Sonata for Two Pianos* is in his coolest and most attractive vein ; and the Hindemith *Quartet in E flat,* after rather a dry opening, rises in its third movement (a set of variations) to a pitch of musical intensity and passion which made almost everything else we had heard sound cheap. Indeed, it is the sense of passionate concentration on the work in hand which has so far been conspicuously absent from the programmes ; and looking round the Europe of 1946, who can wonder ?

Desmond Shawe-Taylor

THE MOVIES

"A Night in Casablanca," at the Gaumont and the Marble Arch Pavilion

"Below Zero," at the Cameo, Charing Cross Road

After five years, all one asked of them was that they should do it again. They've done it again. A few moments of nondescript non-appearance kept us in suspense. Then Harpo, first on the scene, propping an already famous wall : he has lost only a fraction in lightning idiocy. His grimaces, he toots, he exclaims in a silent riot of puns, he lifts his knee, his eyes—heaven knows what obscenities they dis-

Reprinting

Kate O'Brien

THAT LADY

"Kate O'Brien has finally reached pre-eminence in her art and must now be hailed as first among English women novelists."

NAOMI ROYDE SMITH in Time and Tide.

"Miss O'Brien seems to me as complete a novelist as we have in this country to-day."

CECIL DAY LEWIS in the Listener.

9/6

A Book Society Choice

HEINEMANN

Faber Books

The Untutored Townsman's Invasion of the Country

C. E. M. JOAD

Forthright but sympathetic proposals for mitigating the initial impact of the townspeople who will soon overflow into the country, strengthened by remarkable drawings by Thomas Derrick. 8/6

The Pendulum of Politics

AUBREY JONES

A much-needed analysis of our present disorders as evinced by our political errors, together with a fresh definition of the deeper meanings of the various party attitudes — Liberalism, Socialism, Conservatism. 8/6

THE HOGARTH PRESS

announce reprints of:

NUNWELL SYMPHONY

by C. Aspinall-Oglander

15s.

★

FLUSH

by Virginia Woolf

7s. 6d.

★

THREE GUINEAS

by Virginia Woolf

7s. 6d.

★

To be published on

JULY 29

Tolstoy and his Wife

TIKHON POLNER

The author was a close friend of Tolstoy and his wife. He has written a fine interpretative biography which is at the same time a touchingly human story full of intimate detail. 10s. 6d.

JONATHAN CAPE

cover everywhere. The flash of hoofs may well startle anyone who catches the antics without the fun. Beside him Chico and Groucho belong indoors—Chico, perhaps, by the back door. It didn't seem to me that he had altered at all. There's not a great deal to alter. He is the middleman, light-fingered from market-places; he can understand Harpo, and even talk, delightfully, though we don't always follow. Then there was a long wait and some talk about Kornblow, the new hotel-manager, before Groucho himself in a flapping tropical suit and with newly-painted moustache burst on the scene. Insults, innuendoes, began to flow: they were well up to the mark. Soon the prowl, the wolf eyes, the dramatic tones came into play, as thrilling as ever. Still one took the chance of a closer look. Only the hair, it seems, has retreated a little. Groucho is still very much Groucho.

But one of the old pillars—*the* old pillar, in fact—has gone. There is no Margaret Dumont, and no one at all to take her place. Groucho has only a slim cabaret-singer to creep round and it's not the same. Imagine Hotchkiss (a relative, I presume) dropping out of Itma! The loss of this pillar isn't quite so ruinous to the Marx Brothers; after all, there are three of them, and Groucho would survive anything, even Technicolor. It is, however, a pity. Outraged dignity, in Casablanca, has no better representative than a diplomatic-looking gentleman who keeps losing his wig.

Casablanca itself, the venue of international spydom, is flatly disappointing. It provides, though, a beautiful stranger with the longest cigarette-holder in the world, except Harpo's, and a camel taxi-service for Chico and some good backgrounds for Marxian hotel manners. Groucho returns cigar-smoke for the scented cigarette wafted over him, and pants after his prey from room to room, clutching a gramophone, champagne bottles, flowers, a table, and goodness knows what else. There is a wonderful scene of hurried packing when all three interfere with the absconding Nazi as boisterously and invisibly as poltergeists. And perhaps if we haven't seen all the other films we still enjoy Harpo's arpeggios and Chico's pistol-finger for the top-note. It is a mistake, though, to give us feebler repetitions of earlier jokes. Harpo, who seems to suffer most in this respect, drinks his coffee and begins crunching the cup and saucer; but does that amaze anyone who has watched him eat the telephone? Similarly, the claustrophobic dance-floor is mild compared with the flux one remembers in the ship's cabin.

Taken as a whole, I suppose, *A Night in Casablanca* does little more than echo its successors, though retaining some pristine qualities. But it's very funny at times, and one forgives much merely because they are back.

Laurel and Hardy, too, will be found in a new piece, *Below Zero*, at the Charing Cross Road Cameo. My fondness for this pair of comedians has never wavered, and I have enjoyed seeing them in some pretty bad films. Here, I am glad to say, they returned to the "short"; first as musicians in the snow, then enjoying a windfall in a restaurant, they unfold their classic farce with the stateliness of a saraband. No step must be taken out of turn. To wait while Hardy allows a black-browed Amazon to smash his double-bass over his head is an education in chagrin and courtesy.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

SUNSET IN DELHI

SEE how, each evening, on the western sky
Nature, with undiscouraged artistry,
Daubs from the beauties of the waning day
Fresh backdrops to this unsuccessful play.

L. G. ANDERSON

Correspondence

PALESTINE

SIR,—The Government's action seems to be universally taken as action against the "Jews" or "Jewish terrorists." It is not. I say, with full knowledge of my charge, that it is, first and foremost, action against Socialism.

British civil servants in Palestine still believe in the caste system of "rulers" and "ruled," and often complain that in Palestine there are no "segregation" areas as in East and West Africa where British officials can live apart. They contrive to live as far apart as possible. While many of these men are very decent chaps and are my friends, they are products of an outmoded system. Time after time they have made such remarks to me as "the Jews would not be so bad if they were not such d—d Socialists." Only recently I was told by a senior official that "Jerusalem wants us to break the Labour Party's hold on the transport system by encouraging bus companies, which are not Workers' Co-operatives."

In the High Commissioner's proclamation to the people of Palestine on the morning of June 29th, he said that Government was not taking action against the whole Jewish Community but only a "part." We were intended to think that that "part" was the "terrorists." The fact is that it was the Labour Party against whom action was taken. The "terrorists" are concentrated in the towns. It was the villag which were searched, not the towns. It was th Socialist leaders of the Community who were arreste in bulk. In Haifa the Conservative chairman, M. C Levin of the Jewish Community Council, was le free, while his Socialist deputy was arrested. Davi Hacohen, a Socialist Municipal Councillor, was th only one taken from the Municipality. The onl leading manufacturer arrested was U. Friedland By chance he happens to be a keen Socialist an member of the Labour Party.

According to the Palestine Broadcasting Servic the High Commissioner offered Dr. Weizman t reinstate the Jewish Agency if Messrs. Rokach Senartor, and Hirsch were co-opted to replace th arrested Labour members. All three are anti-Socialist If you look at the New Year's and King's birthda honours lists for local residents in Palestine in th past—even in the last twelve months—you will se that all are representative of the Right. There is no a Labour man amongst them in spite of what Labou has done for the country.

Is it not possible to send a strong Trade Unio delegation to Palestine to work for peace? Thei task would not be nearly so difficult as people imagine There is very little animosity between the Arab an Jewish working man. People try to stir up troubl between them from time to time, but it never last long. Throughout the whole of the "disturbances" of 1936-39 I had on my daily pay-roll between 1,00 and 1,200 men. There was no time when we did no work with mixed gangs of Arabs and Jews, despit many attempts by British officials to try to split them up into Arab gangs and Jewish gangs. The strike o Government officials in April this year showed how the two races can work together.

BRITISH RESIDENT

[Our correspondent, whose name we cannot giv for obvious reasons, is a well-known non-Jewish member of the British business community i Palestine,—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

ITALIAN PEACE TERMS

Sir,—In deciding peace terms for Italy the fou Foreign Ministers had the choice between generou conditions which would help the Italian nation t build a free democracy, and harsh conditions which would punish them for having endured Fascist despotism. It appears that the latter course has been chosen and that greater emphasis is being put on th past than on the future, in spite of the fact that fo everyone the future is of considerably more interest than the past and that Italians have shown during th last three years their ability to develop free democrati institutions.

Sampson Low

ON MY FAITHLESS ARM
John Kovack
A really remarkable first novel written in the Hemingway manner; forcefully told and admirable in its lack of crude realism.
8s. 6d. net

THE DANCING STONES
L. A. Knight, author of Conqueror's Road, Spanish Cove, etc.
Some very respectable people indulge in smuggling on the lonely Pembrokeshire coast, and meet in the course of their nefarious exploits, some real and very dangerous smugglers.
8s. 6d. net

THE MONKEY TRIBE
F. Martin Duncan F.R.M.S., F.R.P.S., F.Z.S.
From the note-books of a famous zoologist, this collection of first-hand descriptions of many species in their natural surroundings. With 32 magnificent lithographs from the author's drawings.
Probably 12s. 6d. net

Professor Denis Saurat's new book Death and the Dreamer

Every detail in this book by Professor Saurat is true. Dreams, transmissions of thought, predictions and similar phenomena have been reported exactly as they occurred.
A bomb that fell in London in 1944 has backward repercussions in the vision of a gigantic insect in 1942, in the death of a peasant in 1936, in the dreams of a child in 1900, in a tale from Plutarch in the ancient world. All leads to the seismic shock of 1939-45, and also to the shocks still to come, implicit in the past.
A significant and important book, with a series of remarkable unusual designs by Edward Bawden. *8s 6d*

WESTHOUSE 49 Chancery Lane

Hollis & Carter

THE PAPACY AND WORLD PEACE

Guido Gonella

This English version of one of the most widely translated books of today is devoted to a study of the Papal pronouncements, showing how they form a simple pattern of peace for man. Such questions for the times as the reform of international conduct, the problem of minorities, treaty revision, disarmament and the prospects of a truly international juridical system are fully discussed.

12s. 6*d*.

A Sword in the Desert

being the second book of war-time poems

by

Herbert PALMER

Ready Aug. 8 *6/- net*

HARRAP

If the suggestions of the four Foreign Ministers are accepted by the Peace Conference, Italians will feel resentment and bitterness. This will hardly be conducive to the consolidation of the new republic which, through the efforts of genuine anti-Fascist leaders, to-day supported by the majority of the nation, is now being organised. The burden of establishing the new regime lies mainly on the shoulders of the Christian Democrats and the Socialists. It would be regrettable if these two parties were to be weakened by a wave of embittered nationalism playing into the hands of groups who maintain that a regime based on liberty cannot solve the problems of the country. One cannot dissociate liberty from moderation and moderation can hardly prevail if the nation is stirred by violent fits of nationalism or weighed down by feeling that the efforts of the last three years have not been sufficient to atone at least in part for previous mistakes.

As the decisions of the four Foreign Ministers are not final, a few changes may still be suggested. If Trieste is to be a free State, at least it should include the whole of western Istria, with Pola. In the African colonies which will not become independent States, Italians could be granted a share in the administration. If Italy must be deprived of all or part of her Navy, it should form the nucleus of the United Nation police force instead of being assigned to individual States. A plan could be devised to help Italy economically through a rationalisation of her production, an increase in foreign trade and possibly also the opening of some outlets for emigration. Would it be too much to ask that the nations of the British Commonwealth under Liberal and Labour governments should take the initiative in showing greater broadness of views and greater generosity than the other victorious States, whose policy seems to be determined mostly by narrow nationalistic considerations?

Parkstone, Dorset. MAX SALVADORI

MODEL DEMOCRACIES AND WHY

Sir,—In your issue of June 22nd, Professor Joad put forward certain conclusions that he had come to after a visit to Sweden; among them he suggested that this country should welcome a declining population.

After seeing Sweden, he says—"Nobody . . . will echo the cry 'more children in proportion to the adults.'" An odd comment because it so happens that more children is just what Sweden is crying for at the present time. She has realised that her children are too few and, as a result, has studied the population question more intensively and scientifically than any other country. Sweden has had two Royal Commissions on the subject. The first sat from 1938 to 1940; the second, appointed in 1941, continues to sit, and issues successive reports.

As Professor Joad mentions, Sweden is said to have the highest illegitimacy and divorce rates in Europe, "and the population, especially the middle classes, shuffles itself like a pack of cards." He omits to mention that a few years ago she also had the world's lowest birth-rate. The Net Reproduction Rate of Sweden in 1934 was .73, which indicated, if unchecked, a rapid decline in the future population.

The Swedes took this alarming prospect very seriously. As a result of the Royal Commissions an elaborate series of practical steps have been put in hand to diminish the monetary, economic and social deterrents to parenthood.

In 1939 the Swedish Net Reproduction Rate had risen to .83; in 1942 to .96. The figures for subsequent years are not yet available, but as there were 114,000 births in 1942 and 133,000 in 1944 it is almost certain that an N.R.R. of unity has now been reached. It is too soon to say yet whether this rate is permanent or only temporary. It may be merely a bunching up owing to war circumstances of marriages and first and second births. This, it is generally assumed, has been our experience in Great Britain.

One thing is certain, however. Sweden has made a great effort to reverse her demographic trends, and if we are to regard her as a model democracy let us hope we shall emulate, among other things, her population policy.

I refrain from comments on any of the other views put forward by Professor Joad. Some of them will be approved by isolationists, appeasers and the disciples of Marshal Pétain. By others they will be unhesitatingly repudiated. L. J. CADBURY

MORALS AND POLITICS

SIR,—Mr. Kingsley Martin refers to the Western theory that some rights of the individual are inalienable, and seems to imply that this confers on the West a moral superiority over the U.S.S.R., which is said to resort to "Asiatic ruthlessness."

There was a time when we declared with passion that though the enemy might blow women and children to pulp, no Englishman could stoop to such fiendish work. That was the theory. Yet in practice no consideration of inalienable rights or of ruthlessness was allowed to stand in the way of dropping bombs on defenceless civilians. And what, it may be asked, has been done in the U.S.S.R. that was more deliberately ruthless, more completely indifferent to human rights, and more cruel in its consequences than dropping atomic bombs on helpless men, women and children in Japan?

Again, it is well known that in peace-time there are millions of human beings whose rights are in practice ignored by their Western masters; as, for example, in South-East Africa where according to Sir John Harris the native is being driven "ever lower down the scale of human existence, until he is becoming a veritable outcast from the society of man and a degraded helot in the development of his own soil."

Communists have little use for theories, like that of inalienable rights, which quite plainly do not correspond with practice. The main outcome of such theories seems to be to make us feel superior when contemplating the failings (real or alleged) of others, at the same time blinding us to similar defects of our own. HUGH P. VOWLES

[The point of Mr. Martin's review was that, while the West committed actions or condoned conditions as bad as those ascribed to the U.S.S.R. it also permitted criticism of them and sometimes changed them. His complaint was that Communists defend evils in the U.S.S.R. as being right, if they are committed by the State.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

SIR,—If Mr. Gordon Sewell will look a little more closely into the matter, he will find, I think, that there is rather more to be said for the phrase, "Papal party line" than he seems to suspect. It is not only Communism but Liberalism that the Vatican condemns. A month ago, for example, the *Manchester Guardian* (May 24th) printed this message from its correspondent in Italy: "Roman Catholics voting for Communist *or Leftist* candidates will risk denial of Sacraments, such as marriage, and also prohibition of burial in consecrated ground according to Vatican sources." And what does the Church understand by Leftist or Liberal candidates? The most succinct answer I have come across is to be found in a *Brief and Simple Explanation of the Catholic Catechism* by the R. P. Angel Maria de Arcos, S.J., with a preface signed by the Archbishop of Granada:

Question: "Is every Liberal Government hostile to the Church?"

Answer: "Evidently, since whoever is not with Christ is against Him."

Q.: "What are 'Liberal' principles?"

A.: "Those of 1798" (*sic*), "the so-called national sovereignty, freedom of religious cults, *freedom* of the press, freedom of instruction, and other such."

And centuries before Communism was ever heard of, Mr. Sewell will find the same intransigent spirit. Not many "Reds," I should fancy, were to be met with among the well-fed Runnymede barons in 1215; yet even the comparatively mild Charter of those Tory-Reformers was denounced by Pope Innocent III with the usual accompanying thunder-roll of anathemas and ecclesiastical imprecations, as null and void for all time—*ut nullo unquam tempore aliquam habeat firmatatem.* HAROLD BINNS

NOTABLE BRITISH TRIALS
Volume 68
TRIAL OF
WILLIAM JOYCE
The full proceedings with appendices including specimen broadcasts and a summary of official reports on the effect of Joyce's propaganda, edited and with an introduction by J. W. Hall, Barrister-at-Law.
15/- net
Illustrated

DAVID HALLEY
WE MISSED THE BOAT
A fine account of the life of a P.O.W. captured at Dunkirk in the prison-camps in Germany and Poland by the author of
WITH WINGATE IN BURMA
7/6 net
HODGE

The Mint
A MISCELLANY OF LITERATURE, ART AND CRITICISM
edited by
GEOFFREY GRIGSON
This volume includes work by Sean O'Casey; W. H. Auden; the Jewish Philosopher, Martin Buber; Professor Haüsermann of Geneva; Nikolaus Pevsner; the American writer of short stories, Peter Taylor; and previously unpublished verse and fragments by the English nineteenth-century poet, John Clare.
Illustrated 8s. 6d. net
ROUTLEDGE

G. Rostrevor Hamilton
JAMES HURNARD
A Victorian Character
Hurnard, Quaker, brewer, convinced poet, married at 60 and wrote his autobiography in 10,000 lines of verse, published in 1870. Mr Rostrevor Hamilton, in generous selections, discovers and edits him for 1946. A vivid, amusing self-portrait, a lively Victorian background. *7s. 6d. net*

Plants and Human Economics
By RONALD GOOD
8 maps. 6s. net
All animal life, including Man, depends entirely upon plants. 100 species are essential to Man; over 600 species are useful either for food or raw material. This book describes them, their cultivation and uses.
Cambridge University Press

FOOL'S APPRENTICE
MARTIN MUNKACSI
The really unusual charm of this book lies in its appeal to one's sympathies. It is the story of a town where hundreds of lunatics live at large—incurable, but harmless 'fools' boarded out to families by the State. The central character is Imre, an intelligent youngster no reader can help admiring, who is befriended by one of these lunatics.
Imre, with other members of a small boys' 'gang' commits a childish prank which rocks his little Transylvanian village. Deep racial feeling is aroused throughout the whole neighbourhood, bringing results in its train which the author describes with a penetrating analysis of human character.
15 - *net*
STAPLES

THE COLONIAL SERVICE

SIR,—Mr. S. E. Bradshaw's letter in your issue of June 29th about the Colonial Service contains some judicious and constructive criticism, but his experience of the Service is confined almost entirely to the abnormal conditions of the war years and entirely to two areas of West Africa ; this is poor ground for such generalisations.

The suggestion that the ordinary officer in the field "has absolutely no idea of the policy aimed at" is difficult to understand, for British Colonial policy has never been so clearly defined or so plainly and publicly stated as it is to-day. Apart from broad pronouncements, detailed statements on many important aspects of administration have been published during the last two years, and it is not to be supposed that officers in the Colonial Service are unaware of them. Nor have the various Colonial Governments been backward in issuing directions in regard to local application of the general principles thus laid down.

It is true that criticism of frequent administrative changes can fairly be applied to some parts of Africa, but the authorities are no less alive to this evil than their subordinates ; it springs always from staff deficiencies, and the difficulties which have confronted the West African Governments during the war have been truly appalling. In normal conditions, when establishments are complete and there is an adequate leave reserve, continuity can be and is more easily maintained ; I myself had the happy experience of remaining in the same administrative division for more than four years and left it, at my own request, only because I felt that my views were becoming too parochial. Wise administration will endeavour to strike a balance between too many changes and too few ; and the use of air transport to enable officers to take annual holidays, and so break down the "tour" system, would help enormously.

The idea that officers who find that they have made a mistake in joining the Colonial Service should be allowed to go with a proportionate pension may have something to commend it, but it should be remembered that Administrative Officers serve a period of probation of two years, and it seems reasonable to expect that the average man should be able to tell by the end of this period whether he has made a mistake or not ; if he then embraces the Administrative Service as a career he does so with his eyes open, and should he later decide to leave because of a change in his circumstances or for any other reason except health, his claim for a proportionate pension is a little difficult to defend.

The Colonial Office plans recently published aim at getting the right sort of recruit, giving him the right sort of training and ensuring that he should be employed under suitable conditions and should be given opportunity on leave for keeping himself abreast with development in the Colonial Empire as a whole (the resumption, in fact, of a scheme started in 1935). If these aims can be approximately realised, the Colonial Service will suffer by comparison with no other.

May I conclude this letter by saying that I joined the Colonial Service in 1921, have served in the same province as Mr. Bradshaw (and incidentally in other Colonies) and have never for one moment regretted my choice of a career ?

MILES CLIFFORD

SENSIBLE MEN

SIR,—In his article "Sensible Men ; a Reply," (NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, April 13th), Harry Arnold accuses me of "white anting" the British Labour movement from a distance of 12,000 miles. I may have a powerful and sinister influence, but I am not Superman, or even Buck Rogers.

In "Sensible Men ?" I endeavoured to analyse, without personalities, political events in New Zealand which I consider are leading to the decline of the Labour Party as a positive force. In reply to this article Mr. Arnold wrote a violent personal attack on Mr. J. A. Lee. Mr. Lee is quite capable of defending himself, and will no doubt do so if he thinks it worth while. My own position is clear. I am not a member of the Democratic Labour Party, and I have never met Mr. Lee. I hold my own opinions and I write as I please.

Further, Mr. Arnold, in attributing personalities to me, takes a sentence out of its context and says it is an innuendo aimed at Peter Fraser and Clement Attlee. He is at liberty to do so if he thinks he can gain a debating point, but he can hardly hold me responsible.

I am fully aware, with Mr. Arnold, of the good that has been done by the Government's social legislation. It is a part of our lives and a massive accomplishment. But if Mr. Arnold considers that all is well within the Labour Party, and that the next ten years will bring the socialisation of the means of production, distribution and exchange, then I cannot share his optimism. He thinks that every Cabinet Minister is a convinced Socialist. I am sure that each Cabinet Minister, and each union boss pulling down his twelve hundred a year, is convinced that he is a Socialist. I am sure too that Ramsay MacDonald was convinced that he was a Socialist all his life, and that Ernest Bevin is convinced that in Greece he is carrying out part of a Socialist foreign policy.

Mr. Arnold does not touch at all on my chief worry, which is, where do we go from here ? There comes a time when party members must decide between their loyalty to principles, and their loyalty to ageing leaders who invariably identify themselves completely with the party. I think that time has arrived in New Zealand when there is not sufficient socialisadon to insulate us from an economic slump in the U.S.A. It seems to me that if Social Democracy is to survive and prosper anywhere, it cannot afford to work too gradually, and it must evolve a civilized and unsentimental system of succession to power within the party.

Christchurch, G. LE F. YOUNG.
New Zealand.

DEMOCRACY IN GERMANY

Sir,—I feel that Critic does not appreciate fully the circumstances existing in present-day Göttingen, otherwise he would not have termed as ludicrous the sentence of one year passed upon a German doctor who failed to stand for the British National Anthem at the conclusion of a concert.

Today, Göttingen is only very slightly damaged and is in consequence very full of Germans, all of whom looked extremely fit and well clad when I saw them in April this year, and whose attitude towards the Allied Forces was noticeably far more unfriendly and colder than one saw in the Ruhr. This attitude is understandable when one appreciates that under Hitler, Government officials were picked for their loyalty to the Nazi creed, the creed which, far from organising concerts for occupied peoples, did its utmost to destroy its culture and education.

Concerts in Göttingen were authorised by Control Commission and they are well patronised by members of the occupation army who may be either students from the Army of the Rhine College or local garrison troops. In view of this, surely it would be a sign of incredible weakness or foolishness on the part of C.C.G. to permit German civilians publicly to ignore the British National Anthem, especially in the presence of occupational forces, at concerts arranged for the moral of these same Germans.

I am firmly convinced that, had the Herr Doktor escaped punishment, then a great proportion of the German population in Göttingen would have welcomed these concerts as occasions for showing their true feelings to the Allies. It may take many years for Germany to understand and become democratic, but until such an awakening occurs they know, respect, and expect only a strong hand from their rulers, and lack of it by us will merely increase our burden in Germany by decreasing the respect of the Germans.

R. E. HARRIS

July publication

Pascin
HORACE BRODZKY
with a foreword by
JAMES LAVER

A personal memoir, accompanied by many reproductions of Pascin's drawings and Paintings. 18/- *net*

I had a Pitch on the Stones
JANE BROWN

A lively book about the Caledonian Market, by a woman who was a stallholder for twenty years. 8/6 *net*

Away went the Little Fish
MARGOT BENNETT

Another murder in a comedy by the author of *Time to Change Hats.* 8/6 *net*

NICHOLSON & WATSON

REPRINT SOON AVAILABLE

Many a Watchful Night
by JOHN MASON BROWN

'A manly, honest, forthright and immensely well-written book.'—JAMES AGATE (*Daily Express*)

'Brilliant and unblatant . . . Mr. Brown can, in a word, write prose.'—ALAN DENT (*Observer*)

'Full of the sane and reasonable observations of a deep-thinking, erudite man.'—G. P. GRIGGS (*Spectator*)

65 *Illustrations* 12*s.* 6*d. net*

HAMISH HAMILTON LTD

★
MONTAGU SLATER

PETER GRIMES
and
other poems

The original text from which the famous opera was taken, together with other dramatic writings

7s 6d net

THE BODLEY HEAD

THE GROWTH of FREEDOM IN EDUCATION

A Critical Interpretation of Some Historical Views

Sunday Times

"A book of remarkable fullness . . . The author does more than formulate his ideal; he sheds a bright light on the rocks the scholar and the teacher must tread in their progress towards its full attainment."

by Prof. W. T. McCallister
M.A., Ph.D., B.Sc.

Constable 15*s. net*

BOOKS IN GENERAL

THE popular belief that William Joyce was unjustly convicted by judges who stretched the law to punish him for his lack of patriotism should be discouraged by the two accounts of his trial which have now been published. The volume edited by Mr. C. E. Bechhofer Roberts, the cheerful and sensible "Ephesian," is the better value. He unaccountably omits the judgment of the Court of Criminal Appeal and passes abruptly from the Old Bailey to the House of Lords, which is a pity; for it is entertaining to contrast Mr. Justice Tucker's struggle, with coat off and sleeves rolled up, to control the sprawling monster of the case and get it to lie down on the dissecting table, with the greater ease of the judgment given on the considered material by the Court of Criminal Appeal, and the polished elegancies of the final judgment delivered by the Lord Chancellor. But Mr Bechhofer Roberts's preface contains a crystal-clear summary of the legal points involved; he gives the evidence verbatim; he conveys some sense of Joyce's peculiar character, and prints a photograph of him being carried on a stretcher through a mob of curious soldiers into a military hospital, which shows him as he was, small and pinched and somehow distinguished; he also provides, as an appendix, John Amery's statement, one of the oddest documents in the annals of crime, and brief particulars of thirty-one other cases of treachery, which (though sometimes faulty in detail) at once show how exceptional Joyce's case was and to what degradation he was allied. Mr. Hall, on the other hand, gives reports of all three stages of the case, a useful chronological table, the text of the Treason Act (1945) and some fresh particulars of Joyce's early life; but he condenses the evidence till all its character is lost, and mars his very able preface by a vehement and ill-considered defence of the popular view that Joyce was not only unjustly convicted but insufficiently dangerous to merit any severe punishment at all.

On one head Mr. Hall's prepossession misleads his readers on a matter of some historical interest; and he is, moreover, unfair to the authorities in the matter.

> When Joyce was arrested on the 28th May, 1945, and it became apparent that it would be necessary to bring him to trial, he was deliberately kept on the Continent, where he had been in hospital as a result of the wound he received at the time of his arrest, while Parliament quickly passed the Treason Act, 1945 . . .

This is not quite what happened. The Treason Act, 1945, was in fact introduced in the House of Lords in the middle of May, something like ten days before William Joyce was discovered in Germany. It had been designed long before, to meet the possibility that a number of traitors might have to be tried, in which case the legal traffic would have been held up for months by the antiquated procedure imposed by the old Act, and to remove the special provisions concerning evidence against persons accused of treason, which, in fact, amounted to special protection. (It is because the United States Government did not introduce such a legislative reform that it has been unable to prosecute its traitors, who included some very nasty Fascist agents.) But so little importance was attached by the Government to this Bill that it was left about until it narrowly escaped oblivion; for it scraped into existence only in the last hours of the Churchill Government. It is true that Joyce was flown to England only the day after the Act received the Royal Assent, but it was natural that he should not be hurried back to England if the result was that he would be tried by a form of trial which Parliament had already commanded to be superseded, and he had been not quite three weeks in custody. If Mr. Hall wishes to rouse public indignation in a worthier cause he might draw attention to the plight of certain of the Servicemen charged with treason; some have had to await their trials for the best part of a year, with no apparent cause for the delay.

Mr. Hall's objections to the judge's decision on the main legal issues of the case are hard to understand. William Joyce's position was not unusual. It has long been established that there are two kinds of allegiance; the first, natural and permanent, owed by a British subject to the sovereign, wherever he be, and the second, local and temporary, owed by an alien to the sovereign so long as he remains under his dominion. William Joyce was born in America, the son of an Irishman who had become a naturalised American; he came to Great Britain when he was three years old, and lived here till his departure to Germany on the eve of the War. He was therefore subject to a double allegiance; a natural and permanent allegiance to the United States, a local and temporary allegiance to Great Britain.

It is taken for granted as a general rule that the duty of such local and temporary allegiance ceases when the alien leaves the sovereign's dominions, thus ceasing to enjoy his protection. But it has been recognised for centuries that there are exceptions to this rule. If a man goes abroad and leaves his family and effects in Great Britain he continues to allow allegiance to the sovereign. The question on which Joyce's conviction depended was whether the possession of a British passport was similar evidence of the intention to enjoy the continued protection of Great Britain. That question was complicated by the circumstance that though it was known that William Joyce had obtained a British passport in 1933, and in 1939 had renewed it from the Passport Office a few days before he appeared in Germany, it was not known for certain that he had used that passport to leave the country, nor had any passport been found on him when he was arrested. What the jury and the judge had to decide was whether it could be inferred that he retained the passport till it expired in 1940, and if he did, whether that retention constituted a claim on the protection of the British sovereign. If they answered both these questions in the affirmative, then all actions he committed in aid of the German war effort between the declaration of war and the lapse of his passport were treasonable.

Now, it was really not surprising, as Mr. Hall claims, that the judges answered these questions in the affirmative. If a man obtains a passport and shortly afterwards leaves England, at a time when all travellers by normal routes have to show their passports, it is reasonable to suppose that he used his passport on the journey; particularly when he offers no alternative explanation of his arrival on the Continent. It is also reasonable to suppose that he retained it, if he took no steps to alter his status and acquire another certificate of nationality; but he did not become a German subject until his British passport had expired. And it is a matter of fact that his British passport did give him a measure of protection, even though he was abroad in wartime. It gave him the very important right to appeal in any difficulty to Sweden, which had been appointed the protecting Power of all British subjects in hostile territories; and this right was no mere technicality. Another person convicted of high treason at the Old Bailey had on more than one occasion, while employed by the German Government, obtained considerable sums of money from a Swedish Embassy by presenting his soundly British passport. It is also to be remembered that if the Nazis had invaded Great Britain in 1940 Joyce would have been of great value to them because he was universally believed to be a British subject. It is hard to see that a decision which frowns on these outgoings stretches the law; if it had regarded them as legitimate there would have been far more reason for surprise. Mr. Hall is shocked because, he says, "it has introduced into our jurisprudence for the first time the doctrine that a British Court has, in certain circumstances, the right to try an alien for a crime committed abroad." But William Joyce was not simply an alien, he was an alien who had contracted a second allegiance to Great Britain, and, as Lord Jowitt says, "No principle of country demands that a State should ignore the crime of treason committed against it outside its territory."

It is an oddity of the case that the problems of William Joyce's status, which baffled the court by their novelty, were novel not only to the judge, the jury, and counsel, but to William Joyce himself. His father, Michael Joyce, was a mysterious person. He was one of those Irishmen who sincerely admired Great Britain and approved of its dominion over his own country; and in the course of the tortuous life into which his convictions led him, some incident occurred which made him anxious to cover his tracks and conceal his American citizenship. He appears to have been terrified lest it should be discovered. Nevertheless, though he was a man of means, a builder and contractor who owned considerable house property in County Galway, and though his brother-in-law was a solicitor, he never took the simple step which would have given him back his British nationality. It was as if he feared to draw the attention of the authorities to his own existence. A police file, dating from the time of the last war, which was produced during the trial showed that Joyce's father had then alleged that he had lost his American citizenship "by failing to get himself registered there within two years after leaving the country for Ireland." In the statement William Joyce made after his arrest he repeats this fairy story with every appearance of belief; and he appears to have been troubled by only the faintest doubts as to his British nationality. "We were always treated as British subjects during the period of my stay in England whether we were or not," he wrote. It is significant that in the book he wrote and published in Germany, *Twilight over Europe*, he writes of his broadcasts, "I have committed treason every day."

The issues on which his trial depended must, therefore, have been a surprise to him, but he bore it well. Not only did he carry himself with great courage, he showed remarkable integrity in one respect. There was never a case in which a little perjury would have worked such wonders. If William Joyce had gone into the witness-box and sworn that he had not used his passport to get out of England, having been taken off a beach by a German motor-boat or picked up by a German plane, and that he had destroyed his passport on arrival in Germany, it would have been very hard for the prosecution to establish its case. It may seem superfluous to praise a man for refraining from perjury, but the proceedings at other treason trials suggest that such restraint does in fact call for considerable moral strength.

William Joyce's admirable behaviour under the gathering certainty of death has its bearings on Mr. Hall's argument that his treason was negligible in degree. He supports his case by publishing reports collected by the Ministry of Information which showed that the emotions aroused in the public by Joyce's broadcasts were almost exclusively amusement and contempt. This is beside the point. There is a reason why all traitors should be punished. Any treasonable organisation set up in enemy territory becomes sooner or later an intolerable nuisance to the prisoners of war in that area. War has seldom produced more pitiful casualties than the young men who, when living in enfeebling conditions, were induced, by a combination of torture, threats, bribery, and an unlimited supply of drink and prostitutes, to commit crimes against their fellow-prisoners which, after the war, were to cut them off from their families and the community as hardly any other crime could do; and it must also be remembered that, though these informers were few in number, they inflicted the gravest inconveniences on some of the camps. William Joyce, as the head of the British Staff of the English propaganda section of the German radio, an organisation which played its part in the seduction of prisoners of war and civil

---

The Trial of William Joyce. Edited by C. E. Bechhofer Roberts. *The Old Bailey Trials Series. Jarrolds.* 16s.

The Trial of William Joyce. Edited by J. W. Hall. *Notable British Trials. William Hodge.* 15s.

internees, deserved prosecution. That he muffed his opportunity for addressing England on the merits of National Socialism is beside the point; and it was very evident to those who attended the trials that he could not have been trusted to muff all his opportunities. This little mouse-coloured man whose courage was unbending; the Arts graduate of London (with first-class honours) whose enthusiasm for learning took him back to several post-graduate courses, but who found his supreme delight in organising, with demoniac ability, a gang of street-fighting hooligans; the jackal of the Nazis, who performed such repellent duties as personally recruiting unhappy prisoners and internees as broadcasters, but who charmed everybody connected with his detention by his humour and quiet pleasantness: this odd formula certainly produced an explosive of considerable force. The tragedy was that the flaw in him which made him dangerous seemed to proceed, not from need nor from lack of education, but simply from an innate obtuseness, a congenital defect, a kind of spiritual deafness or blindness, for which no treatment could be conceived.

REBECCA WEST

WILDE RECONSIDERED

The Life of Oscar Wilde. By HESKETH PEARSON. *Methuen.* 16s.

Fate, sometimes a brilliant dramatist—look at the artfully shaped lives of Napoleon and Byron—Fate can make absurd artistic blunders, and one conspicuous instance of this is the career of Oscar Wilde. You cannot make a play by adding two acts of tragedy to one of comedy: whatever vultures you let loose on Mirabell, he will never turn into Prometheus. For this reason, though it is difficult to write a dull life of Wilde, it is far more difficult to write a great one. In any case, Mr. Hesketh Pearson in his biographies seems less concerned with creating a work of art than with accumulating agreeable stories. In this book about Wilde he has been commendably thorough in his handling of scissors and paste; and his estimate of Wilde's character seems to me uncommonly perceptive.

He begins well by admitting his personal debt to Wilde "for ridiculing all the beliefs in which I had been brought up, for laughing my mind out of its rut." Even so he hardly insists enough, in my opinion, upon the historic importance of his sitter. Wilde in England is still underestimated, and in other countries he is extolled for the wrong reasons. He could write pleasing and effective verse, but he never rose to poetry. His plays, with one exception, are no less silly than brilliant. His stories are, at best, prettily charming. His opinions about art and life are unoriginal. But—and this is the point—he was a masterly *vulgarisateur*. (There is no good English equivalent for this word, meaning a man who spreads effectively—it need not be vulgarly—opinions or information derived from others.) To the main body of the Victorian reading public Gautier, Baudelaire and Walter Pater were unknown. These had prepared the weapon, Wilde used it. When London flocked to see *The Importance of Being Earnest*, the earnest age received a blow from which it never recovered. But as a mortally wounded buffalo may turn to kill the hunter, the Victorian ethos destroyed Wilde before itself succumbing. Then Mr. Shaw, Mr. Wells and Samuel Butler arrived to give the *coup de grâce*. All of these, and Wilde also, have suffered the usual fate of the missionary: the more complete his success, the less interesting he becomes. What seemed paradoxes are accepted as truisms. The children forget the darkness in which their parents lived; they are bored by the sermons through which these were converted, and shudder away from the repetitions and overemphasis by which the missionaries could alone impose themselves.

The interest therefore of, say, *Intentions* is now, despite the wit, chiefly historical. But Wilde cleaned an Augean stable with a laugh and a pose. Compare his approach to art with Ruskin's: Ruskin was far more delicately and deeply responsive to art and a far better writer, but the Victorian ambience made him often talk sad nonsense. Wilde was usually sensible, and when he did talk nonsense, it was gay. Another comparison that exposes the density of the Philistinism against which Wilde was in arms:

> To recommend contemplation in preference to action is like preferring sleeping to waking.
>
> While, in the opinion of society, contemplation is the gravest thing of which any citizen can be guilty, in the opinion of the highest culture it is the proper occupation of man.

Does not the second of these statements reveal a wiser and more thoughtful mind than the first? Yet the second is Wilde, the first Leslie Stephen.

As an artist, Wilde survives only in a galaxy of epigrams and one play. It is reasonable to say that *The Importance of Being Earnest* is the best English play written since 1700, but alas! that is not saying very much. One may add that it is more polished than Vanbrugh, and more dramatic than Congreve, but perhaps that is not very high praise either. Let us then be bold and call it the most readily enjoyable comedy in English; and even then someone may justly object that it is not a comedy but a farce. Wilde had a genius for dandified wit, and Mr. Pearson is right to compare him repeatedly with Sydney Smith. He might have added the name of Disraeli, whose novels scintillate with phrases that might equally well be the work of either Smith or Wilde.

When we pass from the writer to the man, the evidence is conclusive: he was one of the great charmers. Mr. Pearson rightly emphasises Wilde's intellectual ability, the solid scholarship buttressed by a wonderful memory. He defined the main aspects of his nature as quick intelligence, sense of fun and emotional unreality; and he explains convincingly this unreality: "Like all who have expressed themselves in stories or plays for children, from Hans Andersen to James Barrie, he was emotionally undeveloped." (Charles Lamb, Edward Lear, and Lewis Carroll are similar instances.) Mr. Pearson continues: "Throughout life the chief strand in his nature, which explains his social success and his effect on others, was an invincible happiness." Everyone I have met who knew Wilde tells the same story. However prejudiced you might be by his reputation or his appearance, and whatever your class and temperament, you were quickly bowled over by the mixture of gaiety and profound amiability. Wilde listened no less effectively than he talked. He was indeed kindness itself. And this good nature proved very dangerous to him. "Wholly lacking in rancour himself, Wilde never understood the envy and hatred that talent feels for genius, and appears to have regarded the examples that came to his attention as among the unaccountable freaks of human nature, sad if slightly unreal." And indeed it is almost with incredulity that one reads of the vindictive hatred with which little men like Brookfield and Hawtrey pursued this generous and friendly creature.

Wilde's success, we are told, went to his head. He was not free from the vulgarity that smears most of the fashionable figures of his time. Good society in late Victorian days was conspicuously money-minded. A few artists such as Henry James, George Moore and Max Beerbohm managed to flit in and out of this society without being defiled. But look what it did to the talents of Sargent, and even of Kipling. Wilde could not be content in his daily life with what was good, it had also to be expensive. Don't let us humbug ourselves: the best clothes and food and furniture are always expensive. But what is expensive is not necessarily good. And without being puritanical one may be repelled by what I would call the Monte Carlo side of Wilde.

And this brings me to Lord Alfred Douglas. Mr. Hesketh Pearson enjoys an advantage over all previous writers about Wilde: he has nothing to fear from the litigious tastes and talents of Lord Alfred. He has put this privilege to very little use. He has the sense to perceive that Frank Harris was an indefatigable liar. But that Douglas was quite as untrustworthy is a possibility that seems to have escaped him. In his account of Robert Ross, for instance, he follows Douglas almost word for word, without saying so, though hatred for Ross was the dominating passion of Douglas's later life. (This is very odd, for Mr. Pearson knew Ross.) Moreover, anyone who has the fortitude to read Douglas's three books on Wilde can see that they extravagantly contradict one another. Sometimes indeed Douglas had to pretend that what he had signed was written not by himself but by Crosland. The truth, I suppose, is that Douglas, like his father, was insane. To satisfy his frantic longing to exasperate his father he made use of Wilde, and destroyed him in the process. Then after Wilde's death he devoted his energy to persecuting those whose fidelity to Wilde had put his own to shame. The whole business is not only squalid but intricate. The quarrels between Douglas and his bravo, Crosland, two men embittered by crazy conceit, are so comical and nasty that they might figure in *The Dunciad*. And at the same time Douglas, like many evil-doers, could reasonably complain of injustice. Wilde's accusations in the unpublished part of *De Profundis* were not all true, and they should not have been kept from him till they could be used against him. Moreover he gave Wilde in his last years a lot of money, and received in return little but abuse.

Almost all the misjudgments which, as I think, Mr. Pearson makes in his book come from a misplaced confidence in Douglas's veracity. The attribution of low motives to Sir Edward Clarke, for instance, is fantastic; and similarly it seems foolhardy to dismiss so summarily Gide's account of Wilde and Douglas. It may well be overdramatised, and one story he repeats from hearsay is certainly false, but Gide has always shown himself a man with an almost exorbitant passion for truth.

The other inaccuracies I have found are few. Mrs. Leverson, whose goodness to Wilde cannot be over-praised, was not a journalist but a novelist. And on page 242 Mr. Pearson attributes to Wilde a witticism that makes nonsense in the mouth of so successful an author. (It should be given to Reginald Turner.) And then it is a mistake to suppose that Wilde invented the phrase "purple patch" when it occurs in Horace.

Mr. Pearson has been most thorough in collecting material from every source and includes some stories that I believe to be new. Let me end with one of these which is illuminating.

Mrs. Wilde had asked him to be at home to entertain some old friends of hers: they were very provincial and dull, yet he surpassed himself in the charm and brilliance of his talk.

> Humour, tale, epigram, flowed from his lips, and his listeners sat spellbound under the influence. Suddenly in the midst of one of his most entrancing stories—his audience with wide eyes and parted mouths—his wife broke in: "Oh, Oscar, *did* you remember to call for Cyril's boots?"

RAYMOND MORTIMER

THE CASE AGAINST KEYNES

The Carthaginian Peace, or The Economic Consequences of Mr. Keynes. By ETIENNE MANTOUX. With an introduction by R. C. K. ENSOR, and a foreword by PAUL MANTOUX. *Oxford University Press.* 12s. 6d.

This book, the work of a highly gifted young French scholar, who paid with his life for the failure of the Versailles Treaty, commands respect, even where one does not agree with it. As its sub-title indicates, it is a spirited attack on *The Economic Consequences of the Peace*, which made Lord Keynes famous 27 years ago and was, in Mantoux's opinion, partly responsible for the ill-success of the treaty, which he had so strongly denounced as a "Carthaginian Peace." With painstaking industry, devastating incisiveness and a wide, almost mellow knowledge, surprising in one so young, Mantoux shows that many of Keynes' facts were wrong, and that therefore his conclusions must be equally so. One must forgive much to a Frenchman discussing Versailles, for France was given a raw deal when the Anglo-Saxon Powers made her renounce her claims to the left bank of the Rhine in return for a military treaty of guarantee which they failed to carry out. Mantoux is a worthy adversary of the great intellectual seducer, whom he admires, whilst attacking him. He realises (with disapproval) that Lord Keynes was a *political economist* of the type of earlier Mercantilists, not an *academic economist*. He formulated doctrines in order to solve problems and, being himself a superb experimentalist, he became the idol of all irresponsible opportunists, who needed a doctrine to make their experiments respectable. He sensed coming events (which one can never prove before they have happened) and he naturally attempted to justify his forecasts with such facts as he could lay his hands on. Mantoux is often right when criticising these.

Keynes' main thesis was, that the Reparation clauses by including Pensions and Separation allowances were an open breach of the Armistice terms. President Wilson himself shared this view, until Field Marshal Smuts talked him over. A financial scheme, built on such ambiguities—admitted by Mantoux—could not work. The German Republicans, who had signed the treaty, had no reply to the Nationalists' reproaches that they had allowed themselves to be cheated. Keynes had launched his attacks against exaggerated demands of £24 milliard and more in December, 1919; and when sixteen months later, the Reparation Commissions fixed them at £6½ milliard, he might claim credit for this moderation. Mantoux's insistence that these payments were well within German's physical capacity cannot be proved. The Dawes plan was to determine this automatically by exacting a tentative maximum. It was dropped after five years from fear that the test would bring about a grave economic crisis. Its five successful years proved only that a debtor can always pay his old creditors with money from new creditors. In order to raise £380 million reparations, Germany borrowed £1½ milliard; with them she reconstructed her industrial potential on an exaggerated scale, defaulted later on her obligations, and thus presented Adolf Hitler with the means for rearmament. The Young Plan reduced German payments to not quite £2 milliard, of which about £1.2 milliard would have gone to the United States. By extending payments to 1988, (1938, on page 149, is a misprint), it provided German nationalists with an excellent battle-cry of "permanent slavery." By 1931, the Allies had actually got a little more than £1 milliard (capital and interest), instead of the £6½ milliard capital payments they had claimed. Mantoux's argument, that Hitler raised £4½ milliard (90 milliard marks) for pre-war armaments does not prove that similar results could have been reached by the Allies. Spending taxpayers' moneys on goods and services in a monopolist home market is not the same thing as using them on production for competitive external markets; from the Nazis' success in squeezing the occupied peoples "until the pips squeaked," it does not follow that the Allies could have anticipated it in peace—certainly not within the Wilsonian programme.

Keynes's portrait of Wilson is not quite fair, but he laid his finger on the ambiguity that lurked behind the President's sonorous clarity, and that vitiated his heroic efforts, when he clung with tragic obstinacy to his slogans, since he could not enforce his principles. Some of the grave consequences Keynes foretold were visible in the German and the French inflation, both of which were closely connected with reparations. He underrated the resiliency of modern economics—the partition of the iron and the coal regions led not to starvation—though there was a good deal of starvation in Europe between 1919 and 1924—but to competitive over-expansion, which was one of the contributory causes of the Great Depression.

A prophet sometimes owes his reputation as forecaster of events to his influence in producing them. In domestic affairs, Keynes's success can be explained in this way. But he was not responsible for the misjudgments of Nazism by Allied statesmen which made the treaty collapse. By calling him to account for the breakdown of the world's combined statesmanship Mantoux pays him a supreme compliment. Yet if he were right, his own book would be futile, for one cannot unmake history by proving that another writer has made it. Fortunately, this is not so. Mantoux's postscript to a period of confusion is worthy of Keynes's foreword to it. M. J. BONN

MALINOWSKI'S LAST WORK

Dynamics of Culture Change. By BRONISLAW MALINOWSKI. *Geoffrey Cumberlege.* 16s. 6d.

In the last few years the contortions of anthropologists have rarely been instructive or entertaining. Nor was the first sight of Professor Malinowski's book encouraging. Its title seemed altogether too reminiscent of the worst kind of academic tradition; and its ostensible subject, Africa, brought bitter memories of other publications on the same subject. Still worse, it was put together by a pupil two years after Malinowski's death ;—and, like psychology, anthropology has suffered most at the hands of disciples of the great.

Such fears were needless: Dr. Phyllis M. Kabery has done extremely well. From a collection of articles and manuscripts which appear to have been in some disorder, she has made a remarkably intelligible and coherent book of manageable length. Such obscurity as there is in it results from genuine difficulty in the subject matter, and not from mere caprice.

Malinowski himself had a breadth of understanding rare in a scientist; and his knowledge of Africa was both wide and deep. At every step he uses it to illustrate what he has to say; but only indirectly is it the subject of his book. After years of work in the field, he has tried, however provisionally, to draw up a list of rules for profitable anthropological research. His concern is for the science itself.

Anthropology to-day is at an awkward stage. On one side there is a chaotic mass of data, for the ordering of which no principles are known: on the other, a conflicting series of pretentious generalisations; for the most part expressed in unintelligible jargon, and based on no authority beyond the whim of their creators. Perfectly aware of this, Malinowski is far too good a scientist either to join the crowd essaying in one bound the long jump from Roger Bacon to Einstein, or to be ensnared into merely picturesque accounts of tribal exotism. For he saw quite clearly that if anthropology is to have importance as a genuine science, it must have practical application and be capable of solving the problems as they actually occur.

These problems do not, of course, lie in juggling with meaningless terminologies, nor in untouched primitive societies and reconstructions of pre-European life. They lie in those places where European and native civilisations are in contact and in conflict. The interplay of cultures thus becomes the *motif* of *The Dynamics of Culture Change*; and its object to expound principles for constructive observation of these changes.

At first sight the setup may seem to be of Europeans conferring an endless stream of material and cultural benefits on ignorant Natives who have nothing to do but passively accept.

BETWEEN WICKETS

Ray Robinson

Impressions of some well-known cricketers and recalling some memorable cricket occasions. "He has the secret" writes Sir Pelham Warner in the Foreword, "of giving so accurate a description of a player's methods and mannerisms that one can, in imagination, see him even at a distance of 13,000 miles, without a televiser."

With 35 action photographs.

8s. 6d.

COLLINS

RESTLESS SUMMER
Paul Tabori **10s. 6d.**
A personal record of the months after VE-day. "An intelligent view of what is happening in the world." (Howard Spring)

ADAM & EVE & US
Hardiman Scott **8s. 6d.**
An illustrated limited edition of poems by a writer of promise "produced in the best Sylvan Press style." (Royal Cornwall Gazette).

TALES FROM THE BALLET
Deryck Lynham **6s. 6d.**
The stories of Swan Lake *and* Petrouchka *retold for children, with colour illustrations. "A charming addition to the section on dancing in any library."* (Library World)

SYLVAN PRESS
24 MUSEUM ST. LONDON W.C.1

The Arts

A Review devoted impartially to all the arts; authoritative, varied and finely produced.

★

To include SIR KENNETH CLARK on 15th Century Italian Painting, a pictorial anthology chosen by RAYMOND MORTIMER, a photographic record by HENRY MOORE of his new sculptural figure, RICHARD WINNINGTON on the hopes of the British Film, a dialogue "Painter and Apple" by LAWRENCE GOWING, a Ms. extract from BENJAMIN BRITTEN'S new opera and a poem/picture collaboration by W. R. RODGERS and DUNCAN GRANT.

Now ready, Price 10/-

LUND HUMPHRIES LTD

L. P. and R. P. Stebbins
THE TROLLOPES
THE CHRONICLE OF A WRITING FAMILY
Illustrated 18s. net

★

Humphrey Slater
THE HERETICS
a novel
8s. 6d. net

Both are recommended by The Book Society

★

SECKER & WARBURG

If this were so there would be no problem for anthropologists. But in fact, Malinowski asserts, it is a hopeless simplification. Natives may be ignorant; but they have communal beliefs and activities based on centuries of tradition and adaptation. No activity is merely picturesque. It always fulfils some need or desire. Consequently, in contact with a new culture, Natives will act and react every bit as violently as Europeans. Culture change has therefore to be regarded as the result of conflict.

This leads Malinowski to what he calls "the three column approach." On one side he places a careful analysis of white influences, interests, and intentions; these cannot be taken for granted; white colonies in Africa are very unlike white communities in Europe. On the other side, he puts surviving forms of Native tradition. In between lie all the results of culture contact and change. These are not mixtures of the two cultures, but entirely new wholes built organically from elements in both. The great value of this approach becomes obvious as Malinowski uses it to clarify various aspects of African life. Not only can we tell from the centre column whether European influence has been beneficial in a particular instance; we can also use it as a basis from which to predict in terms of harmony the consequences of European activity.

If this can be done at all completely and the knowledge be properly used, it provides some chance of averting disaster in Africa. And if in Africa, then in Europe and the rest of the world. For Malinowski's method is applicable wherever two cultures are in conflict, whether between classes, races, or nations. Its development is now in the hands of his fellow workers. But even if they ignore it, in years to come, *The Dynamics of Culture Change* may be regarded for scientific wisdom as a baby brother to the Great Instauration.

JOHN BUTLER

SOVIET WAR POETRY

The Road to the West: Soviet War Poems. Chosen and Translated by ALAN MORAY WILLIAMS and VIVIAN DE SOLA PINTO. *Frederick Muller.* 5s.

Now, after the war, it is possible to survey the achievement of Soviet poetry in wartime with more detachment. In this light, *The Road to the West* will appear less representative as a selection than it claims to be; or, rather, it is more representative of a dominant wartime patriotic mood than of the best poems or all the best poets of this period.

As anyone dealing with Soviet material knows, it is not always easy to lay hands on it at the required moment; and the editors may therefore be excused a number of important omissions as well as the inclusion of some fugitive pieces. Of the omissions the most serious are those of Pasternak, Vera Inber and Antokolsky. Also by comparison with more interesting poets like Margarita Aliger, Anna Akhmatova and Simonov, disproportionate space has been given to minor popular poets like Kovalenkov and Issakovsky. But perhaps it was the editors' intention to stress the popular character of much of Soviet poetry, the sort that adapts itself naturally to singing, and of which Issakovsky is a well-known exponent.

A background of folklore, direct imagery and natural associations is a distinguishing feature of most Soviet poems to-day. This is the result not only of the need to appeal to a broad audience, but also of the revival of the classical and lyrical traditions in the Thirties, when the experimental trends, and also the notion that the epic strain was the only fitting one for Soviet society, went out of fashion.

The direct appeal of this poetry, its immersion in life and preoccupation with topical themes are well illustrated in this book; but naturally many of these poems lose their savour when stripped of their native garb and divested of their powerful environment. The translators have obviously performed their task with enthusiasm; but the difficulty lies in communicating a range of more primitive experience and emotion that is very different and has often little in common even in the simplest details of life.

This, however, should stimulate further investigation rather than neglect. *The Road to the West* is the only selection of recent Soviet poetry to have been published in this country: it covers only some of the ground; a great deal still remains to be done if we are to gain a wider appreciation of Soviet poetry in its present mood as well as in the historical perspective of the last thirty years.

GEORGE REAVEY

THE GARDEN

The Garden. By V. SACKVILLE-WEST. *Michael Joseph.* 8s. 6d.

The Garden is a sequel to Miss Sackville-West's earlier poem *The Land*. When *The Land* was published, twenty years ago, it fitted most harmoniously into the poetical landscape of the time. The "mild continuous epic of the soil," telling "of marl and dung," was very much at home in the world of literary ploughlands tilled so expertly by the young poets who grew up under the influence of Masefield's English Loam period. But the poet of *The Land* was not following fashion then; she does not follow it now; and her fine plain verse stands out in clearer relief against the complicated background of modern poetry.

Lucidity has its dangers, and throws small faults into relief. Sometimes ("slaked lime corrects an acid soil") the style drops rather steeply, above the level of gardening hints but certainly below that of Thomas Tusser. Occasionally the tone of philosophic contemplation seems too consciously neo-Georgian. Even if he is only an assistant gardener, a clipper-down of yew hedges, to call a Kentish Cockney "a simple hind" is dangerous in 1946, when we may be addressing one who, if he has escaped Forces Education, is possibly half-way through his second W.E.A. class, and can probably understand the jokes in Itma.

But Miss Sackville-West has one great poetic gift. She can peel off the tough skin of usage from our senses and make the image of the familiar object impregnate them afresh. In phrases—the snail-shell crushed on the flagstone, "as brittle as biscuit"; winter-flowering shrubs "planted to find a fragile note Touched from the brittle violin of frost." The potting-shed in autumn. The rose in July.

Many of these descriptions are of flowers. For a nation of gardeners, naturalists and eye-on-the-object nature poets, it is remarkable how poor our poetry is in credible accounts of flowers. The lesser poets, Crabbe, or Andrew Young, are the best: to the great ones, to Wordsworth in particular, the primrose by the river's brim is unfortunately never a primrose. It is always something more. The celandine is "a flower that shall be mine." The daisy, that most successfully up-to-date and go-ahead of composites, is the subject of flattering reflections on the benefits of modesty. Tennyson alone, of the most famous poets, seemed to look closely at the flower itself.

According to my literary lecturer, this characteristic (*f*) of Tennyson's Nature Poetry may have been due (iii) to the fact that he was short-sighted. But there is nothing myopic about

> Heavily hangs the broad sunflower
> Over its grave i' the earth so chilly:
> Heavily hangs the hollyhock,
> Heavily hangs the tiger-lily.

Miss Sackville-West's plainer picture of the autumn garden is not less observant. Nearly all her flower descriptions are good to quote.

to pass freely
without let or
hindrance . . .

So runs the Request of the British Passport, that essential document for all who travel beyond Britain's shores, sailing the seven seas in course of trade. The Midland Bank, with a foreign business second to none, has already sent missions to many parts of the world—and more are on the way.

All concerned in business with other countries are invited to make use of the Bank's overseas service. The Manager of any one of more than 1800 branches will welcome the opportunity of discussing problems relating to foreign trade.

MIDLAND BANK
LIMITED

£3,920
FOR *YOU*—AT AGE 55

Suppose you are not over 45, this is the plan (for women it is slightly varied). You make agreed regular monthly, quarterly or yearly payments to the Sun Life of Canada. At 55 you will receive £3,920 plus accumulated dividends—or £240 a year for life. If you are over 45, the benefits are available at a later age.

£3,000 FOR YOUR FAMILY. Should you not live to age 55, your family will receive £3,000, even if you only live to make one payment.

INCOME TAX SAVED. On every payment to the Company you receive the appropriate rebate of income tax.

Why not write for details suited to your personal requirements? The plan covers all amounts of savings from as little as £1 per month, and the cash or pension can in most cases commence either at 50, 55, 60 or 65. Please state your exact age and occupation.

H. O. LEACH (General Manager for British Isles)

SUN LIFE ASSURANCE CO. OF CANADA
Incorporated in Canada in 1865 as a Limited Company)
10, Sun of Canada House, Cockspur St., London, S.W.1

B.Sc. ECON.
LONDON UNIVERSITY

● **The B.Sc. Econ. Degree** of the University of London may advantageously be taken by men or women seeking or holding government or municipal posts, or executive appointments in commerce or industry.

● **Study for the Degree,** which may be taken without residence at the University or attendance at lectures, covers a course of wide and interesting reading. Candidates are required to pass, after Matriculation, two examinations, the Intermediate and the Final. U.C.C., founded 1887, provides courses of preparation. The College is an Educational Trust, not conducted primarily as a profit-making concern. Highly qualified tutors. Low fees; instalments. Free re-preparation in the event of failure.

● PROSPECTUS
post free on application to the Registrar,

UNIVERSITY
CORRESPONDENCE
COLLEGE
70 Burlington House, Cambridge

For Thinkers
the
World over

everybody's

Wallflowers:
Bronze as a pheasant, ruby as old wine
Held up against the light. . . .
Cyclamen:
Only the little frightened cyclamen
With leveret ears laid back look fresh and young. . . .
Daffodil:
See the true Spring begin.
It flowers in the grass beneath our feet
Where yesterday the colour sparse and thin
Of some rathe daffodil blew here, or there,
Not more than two or three,
Like slender tinkle of a clavecin
In a light sprinkle, single, stray, and rare,
That overnight has flowed into a fleet
Of yellow sails to ride the grassy sea.

In *The Land*, the paragraphs devoted to wild flowers were perhaps the best. In *The Garden* the lines on the flowers stand out above the other beauties.

STEPHEN POTTER

HOW TO BE HAPPY AT WESTMINSTER

Letter to a Young Politician. By VYVYAN ADAMS. *Home and Van Thal.* 3s 6d.

This political *memento mori* should lie in front of every young Labour M.P. who, ruminating on his lush majority, thinks himself immortal. Adams is the other man, the ex-Member. After years of devoted service to his constituents, after writing tens of thousands of letters to Ministers and Under-Secretaries on their behalf, after patiently listening for hundreds of hours to complicated, and sometimes, interminable plaints and petitions, he found, to his surprise, that the electors didn't want him. Politicians ponder. The sons of men are sometimes as unreliable as princes. Not to wonder unduly at anything seems to be a proper philosophy for M.P.s.

After an interval for the contemplation of defeat, Vyvyan Adams has purged himself of its trailing bitterness in this letter, which is, at once, practical and humorous, wistful but not unduly sentimental, acid yet not excessively sour. He advises his nephew—the young politician—not to spurn the ritual of Parliament or its ancient customs which to the beginner seem a solemn mumbo-jumbo. No ageing M.P.—that is to say, any Member who has been in the House for over a year—would deny that there is both charm and value in the traditions of the House. The gravity of law and law-making requires the heavy framework of Mace and Speaker's procession and Serjeant-at-Arms and Black Rod to offset the apparent informality which marks a great deal of debate. But even Parliamentary casualness has its conventions. To have to describe Mr. X as "the Right Honourable and Gallant Gentleman the Member for Z" when you would like to call him "X, liar and scoundrel," is an excellent method of keeping the temperature of the Chamber at its normal, moderate level. The courteous habits of the House of Commons which Adams affectionately describes are among the main reasons for its superiority over Continental legislatures. They imitate its forms; its spirit eludes them, since, hitherto, the House of Commons has in the main been the scene of a national debate, in which the views of both sides have been heard according to long-established procedure, rather than a partisan struggle.

Adams gives his nephew some good advice on how to treat his future constituents. He bids him keep in close touch with them and answer their letters promptly—if possible, by return of post. This is the ideal of every enthusiastic M.P.; its achievement becomes more difficult with each letter that he answers. The news that an M.P. earnestly deals with every case spreads as though by jungle-telephone through the constituency. Requests multiply. Not only does the Member get serious enquiries from those whom he can help and wishes to help; he also receives letters from the eccentrics. One man, after a long and interesting letter praising his Member's work, writes, "P.S. Can you let me have a pair of old socks?" A woman writes a well-balanced criticism of the age-and-service demobilisation scheme, and ends, "I must warn you that if my husband isn't 'out' by Xmas, I can't guarantee to be faithful to him any more." Few things are more pleasing to a Member of Parliament than the gratitude of his constituents; few less agreeable than the scurrilous, anonymous letter. Adams gives some curious examples from his own post-bag. They illustrate the sordid mind of the secret letter-writer; but they also emphasise that a politician must be prepared to be spattered with excrement as well as laden with roses.

From Adams's address to his nephew Bob, there is no reason to imagine that he will become a Cabinet Minister or even an Under-Secretary during his first week at Westminster. It is, therefore, a pity that Adams doesn't give him some extended counsel on the descent from the back benches to the Front Bench. Should Bob try to rub shoulders with the Minister in the Smoking Room, or should he impress with an effective, well-documented speech in the Chamber? Should Bob win the applause of the back-benchers with a dexterous half-Nelson on the Minister at question-time, or should he wait till a friendly P.P.S. asks him to put a complaisant question in order to evoke a Ministerial statement? When should Bob call Dalton Hugh and Bevin Ernie? Or should he? And what about manners in the corridors? Should Bob, when he passes the P.M. looking preoccupied in the Lobby, stop him and say, "Hello, Clem! Do you remember me? I was sitting in the second row at the Bournemouth Conference." Or should Bob slink past, with downcast eyes, while the P.M. is pursing his lips to say "Hello, Bob?" These are all social questions, possibly outside the orbit of politics, to which the young politician must—often with burning ears—find his own answers.

This valuable testament of experience ends with an all-round piece of advice to the M.P. when in difficulties—"Use your head, Bob." An M.P. is subjected to much outside pressure—from his constituents, from special interests and from the Whips who, very properly, want to ensure that the Party always musters its maximum vote. In the circumstances, his compass must be his own conscience. Once he votes or acts in accordance with any other judgment than his own, he cannot but forfeit his self-respect. Adams might well have added, "Keep your word, Bob."

The test of a politician's worth lies not in the number of Bills which he helps to pass, but in the sincerity with which he has fulfilled, or tried to fulfil his pledges, even when they have become burdensome.

MAURICE EDELMAN

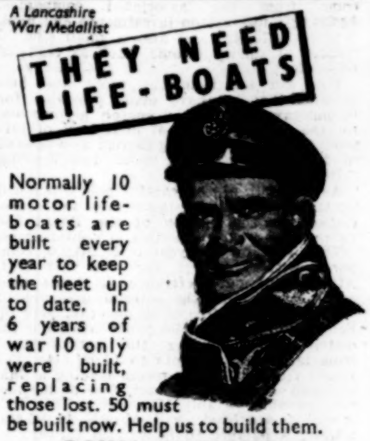
Swift and his Circle. By R. WYSE JACKSON. *Talbot Press, Dublin.* 5s.

Two hundred years have not been enough to solve the riddle of Jonathan Swift. This volume of essays, appearing most suitably at the bicentenary of his death, does not pretend to throw new light on the famous problems. Its purpose is rather to present to the reader already familiar with the outline of Swift's life some portraits of those who befriended his later years. Dr. Jackson writes with an Irishman's interest; it is the Dean of St. Patrick's that we meet in these pages. There is little trace of Sir William Temple's proud servant, nor of the powerful Tory propagandist who fell with Oxford and Bolingbroke. We see the Dean off duty, travelling alone in Munster or braving the perils of a visit to the luckless Thomas Sheridan; there is little of *saeva indignatio*. Well-known characters

Constipation—
that's why he
NEVER SEEMS WELL

Health signals never lie—and it's no use just putting up with your ills and ailments if they are due to constipation. Bilious attacks, sick headaches, that tired feeling in the mornings—upsets like these are the protests of a system unable to deal with trouble-making waste products. You need the help of Beecham's Pills to restore a gentle, regular bowel movement. Then you'll notice a difference. Beecham's Pills are purely vegetable—therefore really effective. 1/4 per box including Purchase Tax. Also obtainable in Pennyworths.

Beecham's Pills
WORTH A GUINEA A BOX



Normally 10 motor life-boats are built every year to keep the fleet up to date. In 6 years of war 10 only were built, replacing those lost. 50 must be built now. Help us to build them.

ROYAL NATIONAL
LIFE-BOAT INSTITUTION
42 GROSVENOR GARDENS, LONDON, S.W.1
The Earl of Harrowby, Hon. Treasurer
Lt.-Col. C. R. Satterthwaite, O.B.E., Secretary

VALSANA, the stimulating Bitters, puts more spirit into your Cocktails. Ask for a Pink Gin, made with VALSANA Bitters.

A Signal Success..

Many thousands of sufferers from headaches, muscular aches and nerve pains have found that 'ANADIN' gives *safe, effective* and *rapid* relief.
The fact that demand far outstrips supply is ample evidence that 'ANADIN' has proved to be a 'signal success' as a pain-reliever. We hope that the intensive effort now being made to increase output will eliminate future difficulty in obtaining supplies.

1/5 & 2/10
(Incl. Tax)

ANADIN
ANADIN TABLETS

ANADIN
TABLETS
FOR THE RELIEF OF PAIN

A change in the country or by the sea for Old Kent Road poor children, mothers and old folk is possible only with your help. Please send a gift to **Rev. A. Humphrey Richardson, South East London Mission, St. George's Hall, Old Kent Road, London, S.E.1.**

67,122